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# HUNCH:

• A COMIC SATIRE, •

By Rev. John Jones.

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# HUNGH.

## ARGUMENT.

My body has been dead for seventeen years, and my spirit has never been enabled to make good its escape.

I am four miles under the ground, the sole occupant of a palace, carved in a strange formation, unknown to geologists, whose digging temerity stops at their library. The architecture is massive and plain, yet brittle throughout. When I first found myself in this abode, I walked incessantly for years through the halls and corridors, ever finding myself again and again and again at the terminus, which is this library where I now sit. I do nothing but play with my toes. The books which are piled about me are titled in an unknown tongue—probably English—and all are sealed—are “dummies.” I am wide awake—forever it seems. I neither hunger nor thirst, and only tire after counting my toes for hours.

No human being ever disturbs me here, and no sound ever reaches me. On certain days earth worms transformed into beings of speech, come rolling in upon me, and keep me informed as to all the sayings and doings of the dwellers upon the earth. They also inform me of the secrets of mankind. One of them said it had made a study of the secret thoughts of Gladstone, and that he was the Prince of Demagoges. That he knew it, and was rendered miserable by the fact that he was in such a fix; that he could not shake it off, but prayed pitifully for the relief of death—which was denied him. Another earth worm shouted, “Long live Gladstone!” and thereupon informed me that I had neglected to count my toes. I set energetically to work again, to make good the time lost on politics.

There is one miserable pest of a Spirit, with the trick of doggerel and sad rhyming, that takes demoniacal delight in reading it to me, against my protestations and prayers. It cuts me like a saw, and desist it will not until I am hacked to utter dumbness. Then it unlocks my ears. I shall certainly die sometime. I cannot go on counting my toes and hearing this pesky spirit forever. If I laugh, alas! the bard takes it for applause, and sets out again to repeat the punishment. The poet says he pours so many meaningless words into mine ear, and grinds them out my nose, for nothing else to do, and

all this while my toes remain uncounted, and honest labor suffers. I have only three toes to count: two on my little finger, and one on my trunk.

An earth worm thinking I would like to hear from my home, said: “They are building a church, and the ladies are going to give a dinner,” thereupon the pesky spirit read:

A dinner they will bake !  
That their good Lord shall thrive ;  
His spirit kept alive  
Upon a ginger cake.

Then a baby worm said: “Your children ride on rollers; I wish that I had some too.” Earth worm to me: “Skating rinks are all the rage, and the preachers are scandalized.” Me to earth worm: “They’d better fight them than Science,” and thereupon the poet demanded silence, while he delivered thus to me :

“The parson would stop science !”  
Said the scient with a wink:  
“Ha ! ha ! his frail appliance  
Can’t stop a skating rink!”

## HUMMED BY A BELLE.

Get ready for the skating rink,  
I haven’t time to hardly blink !  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
I’m off to the rink, and so are you;  
I am as sure as truth is true,  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
I’m in the rink, and so are you.  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
I’m in the rink to show you my—shoe  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
Mollie, look ? Well, I declare,  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
How the hateful things do stare!  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
First on one leg, then on two,  
Some on—never mind for you;  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
Moll is here and so is Poll ;  
Cap and bells, sport and *fol*,  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !  
Every boy and every girl,  
Heaven—is this giddy whirl,  
Rink tinkle, tiddle, I too !

Rink tink, tink,  
 Rink tink, wink !  
 Rink tink, blink !  
 (I feel a Princess—I see stars !  
 Stops a moment for repairs,)  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 The graceful skater I will wed ;  
 She goes on skating—on her head,  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 They are here from everywhere,  
 Except the preacher—he ain't there,  
 I do not care if he does care,  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 On I'll skate tho' he may swear.  
 That all the imps of—you know where,  
 Are holding high carnival there.  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 The best classes are here I say,  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 Best classes of America!  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 Oh ! look at Bett, and look and Hett,  
 We'll sin, and then send our regret,  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 The gods and fairies watched it all,  
 And men as well as women fall.  
 Then ag'in it are so good,  
 The timid wouldn't if they could;  
 Rink tink, tiddle, I too !  
 Tomorrow ? doctor's bills to pay,  
 Splint ! Oh, rub the arnica,  
 Rink tink, tiddle—how blue!

**Earth worm :** The hebdomedal NOSEWIFE I see reports a sermon in which your old pastor says he *knows* there is a God, and the *gnostics* are willing to swear to it. Some people do not know that they know nothing. Me, to my vermiculous friend: "Pray desist, if you please. Knowledge is worth pursuing if never attained. It gives mortals employment where they have a grudge against manual labor. Its a fool's errand we know now too well." Poet to Reverend Neverend :

You know, you know there is a God,  
 Is a God, is a God ;  
 You know, you know there is a God,  
 Your sermon I construe.

Now, therefore if there be a God,  
 Be a God, be a God ;  
 Now, therefore if there be a God,  
 I'll bet he knows not you.

**Then the worm :** The poet and the parson once were synonymous, now they are at war. They should be wedded rather than divorced. Then me to earth-worm : The preacher should tell the world what it is—should be a newspaper, in short, while the poet should tell the world what it should be. The poet should honor the parson. I had hardly ceased before the poet taking the cue, read :

Honor to the parson,  
 Who tells the good old story ;  
 Honor to the preacher,  
 Till the last galoot's in glory.

Earth worm to poet : Read your Bible more, and you will rhyme better. The poet retorts :

"Read your Bible" said Byron,  
 Unto you I say,  
 Read Byron not,  
 Neither will you obey.

Have mercy for Christ's sake ! was my appeal to the poet. Then he to me :

"For Christ's sake! Ha ! ha ! ha !  
 Jesus Christ is stiff upon his cross,  
 Is warmed to life by lowly men.  
 Is stiff as hell upon his cross anon."

A critical earth worm : your figure is ill chosen, "stiff as hell!"

The poet : Why? Hell is death ; (R. V.) death is stiff; and hell itself is "regions of thick ribbed ice", says Shakspere. So the figure is a duality of aptness:

Hell is changing as of old,  
 It once was hot, it once was cold ;  
 With some a region of the blest,  
 Anon 'tis allied to a jest !  
 To make the same a sell  
 Is—sheol.

If there Is or Is not 'tis Right,  
 Soul or none, 'tis Right,  
 Heaven or none, tis Right !  
 On all these lay it strong,  
 If there is Hell, its wrong.

A knock is heard, and the poet invites a delegation of earth worms to come right in and make themselves at home, and inquired what news the deputation had in store. The Colonel of the company said : There was nothing occupying the minds of mortals at present, but the tariff, the leader, you know, is R——ll. He recently invaded the South with thousands of "backers." The poet to the Colonel :

Randall has subsidized thousands of men.  
 Then marched to the South and back again !

Then one of the party drew forth a copy of the *Nose Wipe*, fresh and hot from the press, and read aloud all the news, being frequently disturbed by his hearers, the poet being the foremost to note as well as comment. One of the earth worms, a wealthy one, better known as Worm of the "Dust," conversed with the poet while the others listened. Bernhardt's marriage with the French poet was touched upon. The Frenchman was said to be a shallow poet, while "his wife," said the Earth Worm, "is as slim as your poems."

"The mind cure," said another, "has taken hold of Boston and East Tennessee! Senator Edmunds is fighting vice at long range—the Mormons; and Osman Digna is dead again." Beecher on Evolution and Revolution and all the news of the day was read aloud, while I listened passively.

The poet was not idle, alas! and I knew what was coming.

When the party got ready to retire he said:

Your attention, pray, while I regale you with my latest poems. He began, and as all things must, finally finished amid some enthusiasm by the hearers. His rhyme touched all the themes spoken of, and epitomized the *Nose Wipe*, as follows:

Rejected Authors, the sudden rise of Charles Weak, Negro Lore, Woman's Rights, the Death of Dan, Faith Cure, the Eminent Prelate, I Will Explode, to the off-side of Is by the Mad Muse, and so on.

Everything hinted at in the *Nose Wipe* was embalmed in verse:

Earth Worm to companion.—The *Nose Wipe* rejects a poet, I see. Seems to me this only helps the hurt. To lock-out a leader only helps his cause. Then the poet:

#### REJECTED SONGS.

I will have done with poetic trend,  
My little verse is neglected,  
Forty printed will not mend  
The pang of thou rejected!

There's Charlie Weak who straddled a pen  
And made a name,  
And Sarah Green, it will be seen  
Is shod with fame,  
While I with pen felicitous and deft,  
Am left!

Give me pen!—more paper! more ink!  
And I'll give you all that I think.  
My innermost thought I'll confess,  
For I yearn for one night's rest!  
O, give me the printer—the press,  
That sleep may bless me again!  
That I may be out of my pain,  
For once—only once more again!

Puff! Puff! goes the train of my thought,  
And I measure the midnight sky  
And "rejected," regarded as nought,  
"With thanks"—them all I decry,  
As dolts, and nothings, and rot  
I AM! and they'll be forgot.

The roosters are crowing for day,  
Such thought thought out and said,  
By man will never repay,  
For one single throb in the head!  
Thump! thump! thump! thumpetee thump!  
I am a gump! gump! gump! gumpetee gump!

The poet to me:  
Did you ever read my poems on tangled heads? Never? Silence!

Fashions change as seasons run  
Carlyle may frown all undone:  
"The world's a blank,"  
(Heraclitus)

Now Ollie Holmes with smile and pun  
Plays make-believe with many a prank:  
"The world is fun!"  
(Democritus.)

Once all was long-faced Bunyan-esque,  
Abnormal too.  
Anon Artemus Ward and Markus Twain  
Look quizzingly at you  
Wrong again.

But come it will, tho' rather late,  
The human phiz will reach a normal state;  
Hasten the day  
When groans and giggles pass away;  
When all abnormal cranks  
Make room for rounded man, give thanks!

Feed from one store  
Optims pessimistic lore!  
And vice versa.  
Then he that at the fountain drinks  
Should — Lord ha' mercy  
Mix his thinks!

Wilt thou never be earnest for a moment,  
O, Poet! I cried,  
Striking his breast and attitudinizing, he  
thus to all:  
Earnest—ha! ha! ha! ha!

A poet said, "Life is a jest,"  
Another, "Life is earnest."  
Each held a side of truth,  
These poets double:

Said Josh Billings in his youth,  
"Life is fun and trouble."  
To man of brains,  
Life is full of joy and pains,

While to a philosophic mind,  
Life's sublime!  
But to the poor, O, to the poor,  
In intellect, life's a bore.

"Read more, cried I, cried several in derision. Read us something shallow, something on matrimony, ha! ha! ha!

"Command, and I obey,  
Count the meter on thy toes."

I proceed :

## HUNCH.

## TO RICHEPIN,

A poet sat in a corner,  
A tear was in his eye;  
"With neither fame nor honor,"  
He moaned, "hi-yih, hi-yih!"

A poet sat in a corner,  
"O this is half a life,  
And O, to be a poet  
With no corner on a wife."

Poet flew to hedonic France,  
Stopped at giddy Parie,  
Saw Sarah prance—  
After a plan—they marry.

A poet sits in a corner,  
"Ah me! alack a day,"  
He has a wife—the scorner!  
To see too often, a ha!

Poet said unto himself,  
"Fool! did not I know it?"  
Now the wife too frequently  
Sits down upon poor poet

Poet at the farthest corner  
Of earth is sad and meek,  
And whiles away the hours  
Watering his cheek.

"The muse is mad, alas!" groaned the Colonel.  
"Mad? mad? attend thine ear, O. Colonel, of an unknown regiment: list thou!

## THE MAD MUSE.

Whence is the whing-whangs, why?  
The wasness says, the Mole Cule  
Is now wentfed, my, oh my,  
Moan! 'tis tha brey—Mr. Mule.

Whither the goneness of which-whackess?  
Help infusorias muchness,  
The hour is come—hung it in blackness,  
But the media dare not 'fess.

Served a warrant on a gnomer, quick?  
Be did—it is done; it be dude, I'm sick;  
Sick of the suck-much cigarette,  
Long I to live 'fore yet!

Go it to Goneness! glimmer! git!  
Give up the gib, jab, jibbs,  
Yet, dare not touch the long-felt yit,  
Nor tickle his royal nibs!

Wet be the eye of the healthy moan,  
Dry as dust is the exit,  
Swallow space dough, spit out the bone,  
Future! Can't catch it to fix it.

Sh! "——— whence this language dire?  
"Slam!"—'tis the—"bang"—quick,—" [whizz!]

Son of a —— Noble Sire?  
Checked to the off-side of Is!

O, enthusiast in thy lonesomeness  
A hermit crab; go away cranfish!  
Go it, Oh, Boots, on thy thin-rined Guess,  
Starve on a bloated wish.

Sublet a let to a lonesome strange,  
Atom eludes the germ,  
Force the annulose into range,  
Go in for the long term.

Let the thingness groan at the Ego,  
And the Nowtime smile at the Pastliness,  
Let the Sheous trail the where'er Hego,  
'Tis all for the Bestliness.

Let the what-much dance upon the moon,  
And the whoop-up-say his say,  
Let the insect sigh of his aftsoon,  
Let the Goneness go to stay.

Let the Bummer bumble-bee the bum,  
Let the Basilmathurgis pass the hat,  
And yearn for the but yet kingdom come,  
Let death get out of That.

Let the Let let up and light  
On his legs, let him light and stand;  
Let Plato sleep in dark, dark right,  
And Pardner, here's my hand.

## THE GRIP YARN.

"You know Dan — nigger Dan ridiculous  
"Dr." Baker,  
At Nich—— near Lex——, the Old Veranda  
Hotel—

Never there? What you've missed!—narry  
fakir,  
But you have—and you—I've a story true  
to tell.

Have a light—take a fresh—all Havana filler,  
No boys, 'tis no sell—shant say more—'tis a  
killer.

Well, Dan, barber Dan, the comical, stammering  
nigger,  
On hand, day or night, ever well,  
Heard him laugh four squares—I should snig-  
ger.

The bluest he could quell.  
All he'd do'd be to touch the trigger,  
And explode—it just beat,"—here a figure.

Well Dan, porter Dan, that proud, quick-step-  
ping dark,  
Bow-legged, white-vested, and on his head a  
plug,

The very sight of which would break you all  
up, such a lark,  
Shining eye and ubiquitous mug,  
"Gem'm-m-men, scip-scip-sip—hash!  
Suippity—suippy—ha! ha! ha! for de cash!"

He could sing—such volume was never heard,  
And dance—his heel never went back on  
him.

And preach—in fun—and never get stuck for a word.  
And talk—talk a man plumb up a limb;  
And eat—to see him hide “red” was a sight.  
Black? oh, no!—as starless night!  
Polite?—a Lord Chesterfield in midnight.

I never went there on a trip,  
That something amusing and new,  
Didn’t come forth from his lip,  
Or die in attempting to.  
The circus perch, had been there,  
Or poet repeating the bells,  
Or a rope walker gliding through air,  
Or something to give “Doc” the spells.  
In the cage ever dauntless he goes,  
And feeds the lions with raw;  
Or a lecturer for his board owes,  
There was nothing to see but he saw.

His fun was of a queer kind,  
That sensitiveness must obey,  
It was natural, jubilant, blind,  
Lodged in him, lodged there to stay.  
To greet him and see him attempt,  
To make a witty reply,  
The struggle that then ensued,  
That always shook him awry,  
And tickled his rib there to die.

When he dies his wit and ever happy reply on  
his breath,  
*May* come frem the dumb lips of death.

Be baptized in de p-p-p—hol’ yo’ bas’!  
“Rack out,” Brudder Sam, trot or pace!  
Pass de hat, ef Kathrine did,  
An’ always beware ub de wid’!  
Then argues some criminal cases,  
Repeats from Richard III;  
Hab er brace, Dr. B—, and he braces.  
This black, ornithological bird!  
What a rest to the traveling man!  
To see this ethnological figure,  
Dance through the offces! Dan  
Was none of your half-and-half nigger.  
Oh, he was a “Dan”-dy—a hummer,  
For drinks and stray dimes,  
He could “do” the toughest old drummer.  
I was young, and these were great times;  
No monk ever cut such shines.

Such a mouth that was pulled too soon  
For words but for mimicry rare,  
“Boys, dare goes the lates’ new coon,  
On de lebel and part on de sq-sq-ha! ha!  
ha!” square,  
He doubtless meant to say—

And his ‘omurn, Dora by name,  
As fat as her jolly, good lord,  
A few of them called it a “shame,”  
That “law” had not said the word:  
S’pose it had, he couldn’t answer.

Seven other Dans  
Had got here a little too soon  
For law; why laugh?—and more black  
and tans  
Are growing to laugh like the loon.  
The law now says that Dan must dance,  
sir!

Was a joke, and the jailer consented,  
And the bugga-boos banded together;  
And Dan all that night repented,  
Saying he was under the weather.

The turnkey, to make the joke take,  
Told Dan that the ku-klux would call,  
To pretend that he wasn’t awake,  
“Turn your black face to the wall!”

The negro believed it in fun,  
When frightful masked men shook and  
pulled  
At their victim; then one begun,  
And several kinks from his head culled,  
To send to Dora for she,  
Would like to fergit him by,  
A commanding voice then said he,  
Would see that they “closed his eye.”

Then Dan never moving a muscle,  
Laughed to madness—the brink  
For ‘closing your eye,’ meant a drink,  
A toddy, a straight, or a wink:  
“Come boys, pull him out, for the day  
Is here, we’ll be caught, let’s away!”

Then there was a terrible tussle,  
Among the klan, as to who  
Would relax his muscle  
And check his carcass through.

Said one, “He is ‘possuming well,  
Raise his head.  
Instead of a joke we’ve played hell!”  
Dan was dead.

#### HIGH EUPHONY Vs. PLEBIAN SOUND. BIG HOKY SMOKY.

(After Chas. Egbert Craddock.)

A velvety darkness is in the West.  
The flickering fire fly suggested fantas,  
Magorical skeletonics emanating from fluckition.  
Distance was a vast vague, sickening,  
Nauseating suggestion and snare;  
The air carried reminiscential suggestions  
Of distant hail, mingled and  
Interlaced, and intercepted with linings,  
Bespangled and fretted, and rubbed  
Down, until mingled odors of dogwood  
Blossoms and a dead mule arise.  
The pale emaciated, pellucid, pallucid,  
Consumptive moon was slipping up  
Behind Big Hoky Smoky.  
A few vagrant rays, serene and

Denuded, flying in hieroglyphical  
Disorder, struggling for existence, with  
The crevasses, playfully dangling  
Ever and anon, hard by on the  
Back of the bull frog, swelling,  
Spreading, till monarchial spectres,  
Ghastly, ghostly divine began to  
Appear to those who had been  
Drinking too much "first shots."  
The katydid iterated with facial  
Contortions, far out of the limits,  
Which was reiterated by the bull frog.  
The forlorn leafless branches, with  
Hollow sockets and seldom foliage,  
Stirred mutiny and riot among  
The drowsy crickets and wormy  
Assemblage, which in turn  
Filled the strange gloom, and  
Black back ground, set in  
Indigo blue, with fitful contrast  
On the authority of the bluejay  
And the peckerwood.  
They saw it all through their  
Nictitating eye-lids.  
The moon journeyed tired and sweating in the  
Collar and hames, great drops of  
Pellucid sweat that glistens like a silver  
Sea drop lit by electricity, and moon  
Light and fox fire which joined in,  
To make the shimmer suggest the  
Indigo ennui flash in a pig's eye.  
At intervals, cocks crew triumphantly, the  
Democratic candidate for constable  
Having come in by twenty-three,  
Out of the forty-one floaters in the Bald;  
And the nocturnal grasshopper responded,  
While the approval of the pig, pachydermatous,  
With his gruntulation of swine sagacity,  
Caught and held, and glorified the most  
Serpent and sneering.  
Hard by or up, came a sound of unspoken  
Poetical emotion, neurotic of hysteria;  
It regurgitated from the sad sedate  
O'Possum. Then the mountain flooded  
With gold, slipped adown athwart  
Across according to, from the  
Moon—the stiff, cardarerous planet,  
That has outlived its usefulness,  
Baptizing the domestic menagerie, and  
An' an exotic lightning-rod man from  
Way Back, and the moonshine distillery.  
Only one specimen of the vast cranky,  
Ethnological congregation of Baptists, saw  
The wondrous scene, Flap-jack.  
He was extracting the snowy, skiey-bluey  
Milk, from a liberal cow, with a sore  
On her soe limb. The cow had a  
Dull, glassy, blue-mass, ultramarine  
Expression in her iris, upon which  
The moon shine reflected, light, played,  
Giving a new vision of color set  
Off in prismatic glittering gems.  
A sound came o'er the world:  
"Thar now brin'l devil take  
The Keow!"

It was the voice of Suckey.  
A dull, dun mist crept over Big  
Hokey Smoky, followed by a veil of  
Shimmer, worth 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  cents a yard, athwarting  
The clouded disc.  
The billy goat hung his head in slavery's  
Symbolical way. The streamlet shivered  
Adown the brooklet, mingling intermingling,  
And associating with the slop from the  
Distillery. Silence rules at the world's  
Universal suffrage a second only.  
It would have been a success had  
Not the bull frog belched in sacrilege,  
As he raised his horny crest. The blue jay  
Looked god-like scorn a moment withering  
The b. f. into cold, clammy no more.  
"Soo! cow, soo! rung out upon the  
Circumambient rarified, clarified, airified  
Air! It was matchless, unhaltered, untrained  
Voice of the Heroine. She wore a cotton-  
ade  
Sunbonnet, and a cloak of sunlight, and  
Moon shadows and a brass ring.  
Beauteous she looked! A flame of glorious  
Sapphire lept from her eye, sending  
Forth a wierd suggestion of an ignis  
Fatuus, don't-come-after-us, jack-o'-lantern  
Hands-off! Surrounding here were  
Dark, portentous abysmal openings,  
With ponderous jaws; vastnesses bridged  
Ivory set in a suffusion of crimson,  
Translucent, glamourous, dream-like,  
Tempting the gilded license of fantastic,  
Weak-minded imagination, too delicate to  
Be focused by the pen of \$3 writer.  
A horny grub worm crawled out of a  
Vermiculous saw log and crawled  
Back again. Hist! the tinkling  
Nabulation of a No. 9 brogan mingles  
With all Nature that is not hushed.  
It is Jo Bung-bore.  
She loved Flap-jack. She married Jo  
Bungbore.  
The latter sent the former into speculation  
From his milk pail.  
The moon was hid by a delicate skein of  
Fleecy cloudlets, photographing strange,  
Characters undecipherable except to  
The prophetic ken of the initiated eye.  
Big Hokey Smoky rose up like a Han't  
From the sea of aboriginal night, and  
Glistened like the iridescent bubble  
That Mark Twain used to play on our  
Feelings with.

## CONCLUSION.

A new beauty was abloom in her cheek suf-  
fused  
In radiance. More-vibrant iterations rose  
From the katydid. The sound vague, fugue,  
Wierd, uncanny woke her from a dreamy,  
Somnambulistic haze into which she had fal-  
len.  
It was the isolated screech owl, built

In defiance of evolution. An illuminated Silver gauze flickered about his screech Rendering it soft as oriental hymns of Night: The cowpatch with its modulating Zigy-zagy serpentine deviousness was Brushed by the zephyrs that played upon It, making its grain rich in disorder Of agitation filling it with sparklers. It was translucent, opalescent, giving out Many hues and colors in rich and Mechanical variations of its minimum Often built in defiance of rectangles, Curiously set in bespangled forms angelic And fantastic, scintillating in a hazy, mazy, Dozy dance before the eye. The tintinnabulation, And silvery bellulation rose at intervals, Constipating the air from the bull bell O'er the lea. His eye was flushed With the golden zone of sunset and Success. The pig in the parlor was Profusely caparisoned and lolled About on curious divans from poetical Handicraft. A hog was swathed and Smothered in seas of lace and edgings All covered over with the golden hue, It takes time to paint. A plain Mountaineer whose vote could be bought For \$2 and a quart of rot-gut, is Thinking of her whose delicate, artistic, Cone-shaped fingers are toying with An adolescent wart on her left nose. They are rich. The mountain their carpet, The serene indigo sky their ceiling. The Moon wonder throws a rich, oreole and Divine din pan aback of his head, Glittering and shining like a moral, Bald head light, emitting curious jetties, And wondrous pyrotechnic lights and Flummery. The earth in its lostness And vastness their altar; the sunkissed Sea their font of holy water. He goes On cutting his corns and adjusts his Shoes, utters an oath and goes home To abuse his other wife. The wood cut is set in a million dollar Frame. The story is built in defiance Of rectangles like the chimney, from Which the smoke curls up. Look on this chimney and then on That smoke. It is plain smoke Smoky, Big Hoky Smoky. Where There is smoke, there is fire. Fox-fire at least!

## DE GRE'T BEYANT.

Pant O, sister, pant, O pant,  
Gwine to the Gre't Beyant;  
Rant O, brudda, Rant O, rant!  
Gwine to the Gre't Beyant.  
  
Sa'lin' erwa', sa'lin' erwa',  
Fadin' erwa', fadin' erwa',  
Eenter de Gre't Beyant, Beyant  
Eenter de Gre't Beyant.

Shout O, chillun', shout O, shout!  
An' look ter de Gre't Beyant.  
Trim yo' wings and den look hout!  
An bow ter de Gre't Beyant.

O sarpints, O' sin, O sarpints, O' sin,  
Gwine ter de Gre't Beyant.  
Git yo' 'nintment, rub hit in,  
Gwine ter de Gre't Beyant!  
Ter de Gre't hI yAm.

Wastin' erwa' rastin' erwa',  
Meltin' erwa', tricklin' erwa',  
Eenter de Gre't Beyant,  
Eenter de Gre't Beyant.

Hiss O, sarpint, hiss, O hiss!  
Gwine ter de Gre't Beyant;  
Dey neber hit yo', er lic' er miss,  
Flyin' ter de Gre't Beyant.

Slidin' erwa', glidin' erwa',  
Ridin' erwa', hidin' erwa',  
Ter de mist ob der Gre't Beyant,  
Ter de mist ob der Gre't Beyant.

Si' O, people, si' O si'  
Dis side de Gre't Beyant;  
Die Oh, sinner, die, Oh die,  
Dis side de Gre't Beyant.

Hastin' erwa', hastin' erwa',  
Stoffin' erwa', hungrin' erwa';  
Enter de Gre't Beyant, beyant  
Enter de Gre't Beyant.

## DE NOWTIME.

Whar is you gwine de yistday,  
Whar is you fum dis now,  
Which am de tother, which am de which.  
Ever which, er whar, Dear Sow? (Sir)

'Tis fo' shux! I swow, I swow!  
Den git 'long in De Now!

Which am de if, whar am de go,  
Nothing in now time, lingers long,  
Doan know nuffin, whether or no;  
De bugga will sing his song.

Whence comes de groan (kerwhich?)  
Who 'vented de grunt?  
If wharas am de wharf? (Kerwha?)  
What ham de use ob de now an de 'den,  
Or de by gone, or de dar fo'?

I gin hit hop, hits pas' my gib,  
An' gem'men, let me say,  
Hit fotch no meat ter tickle de rib.  
De devil he ham to pay!

A PRINCELING SON OF A PAUPER MA,  
CAPEL.

We give you the best that we've got,  
You float on the top of our pot,  
We give you fine raiment and food,  
Thou dandyfied, clerical dude!

We filled your head with Ego,  
We stuffed your gown with our cash;  
Reverend Sir, don't you know,  
That in bad taste is your lash?

Again when you come among us,  
To spout distortion and rot;  
Thou stuck-up, clerical cuss,  
We'll pay thee to lecture us not!  
This country's the home of the free;  
And all is well that ends well.  
Go to, or just leave us be,  
Puny Monseigneur Capel!.

Capel says:

"I've met with derision and laughter,"  
(Before our Freedem, O bow!)  
"They'll not a vague something hereafter,  
But give me hades in the Now."

Be ye pious flesh-fleshy or pope,  
Go you with or without your hope,  
Honored, or in disgrace.  
Be ye formal or be ye non con.  
Be your *mentis compos* or *non*.  
Let us have a fitness of things,  
Only stay in your place.  
The bird of Liberty sings!  
Be ye frisky, or cranky, or freak,  
Ever so modest or cheek;  
Go you the wide or stingy route,  
When you go up the spout;  
Be ye almond-eyed Pagan or Turk,  
Or flighty-eyed Christian at work,  
Only stick to your wings,  
The bird of Liberty sings!  
Be ye "Rev." or Bob, or Capel,  
Monolith of St. Stuff Infidel,  
Emblem of truth or a liar,  
Son of a — gun or a daughter,  
Clerical or heretical;  
You'll a taste of our fire,  
When out of your font of water!  
We gave you fine raiment and food,  
You do not like our election;  
And now you think us quite rude,  
Because you get food for reflection!

PRAYER ANSWERED.

De skerriest yarn dat eber war tol,  
So feardest war h'I dat my blood got colt,  
War bout de niggah "dout enny so!",  
Dat an anchill 'ud be!"

Onkfe Silas Lasses war his name,  
Gettin' ready for heb'n, and poufful at prar;  
Sich a niggah I nebber seed I swar.

Gemmern, hit war er shame!  
"Oh Laud," he grunt, "come git me quick,  
For h'I Yam ob dis sin lan' sick,  
H'I want ter Ab'hams booz'zu'am stick,"  
'Fee didn't you may kilt me.

Well, one night late, jist arter fo'  
A woice hit lean hergin his do',  
An' saad he's jist from de odder sho',  
An' scratched with his tail gin de cabin do',  
An' belched wit his bref good Laud afo'!  
An' friz Si's blood to be sho.  
Si ansed narra a word,  
While hit ni mos kilt me.  
"Ver want ter be an anchill," de wooice hit  
saad,  
An libe like hangels in dar bread,  
Ole man iz ye in? we want yo' head,  
An your name hits Silas,"—boom!

Den hop jumped Silas liker er buck,  
An said, "ha, ha ! honay, such truck  
Aint de message for dis here duck;  
You'b hit at de wrong do'.  
But if ye wants dat niggah now,  
Dat once war making dat pow-pow  
I'll tell ye whar he's stoppin' sow,  
When las' he heerd from enny how,  
We drapped him in his tume!  
Den h'I said, "Lasses mighty slick;  
Den h'I said, Lasses mighty sly;  
Den Silas Lasses jist as quick  
As powter said, "dat niggah lie."  
De Laud he gin ter praze his name,  
An ax *Him* not ter be ersham'!"

I had noticed during these recitals, that quite a number of the poet hearers were taking notes. They seemed ashamed and confused to catch my eye, as if I naturally looked upon them with disfavor.

The poet then continued his satire or mock-heroic, or whatever the critics term this *mangy* "style" of composition *dog-gerel*:

The Mormon faith grows apace  
We are not guilty though worse may take its  
place.

Their religion is the vice,  
Not Polygamy—their paradise.  
More than one woman to a man,  
Is an accident, dispute it if you can!  
That must miscarry  
Until all bad disposed men are forced to  
marry.  
"I fear the Slave (see how I shake!) to any  
creed,  
Says Uncle Sam, "I hate the sins of such a  
breed,"  
Such slavery is quite disgraceing  
To Freedom's attitude menacing."  
They have wives, you have none!  
Many better half way ones by the score  
'Tis said—and peradventure,—paramour.  
In Utah less females than men!

The rooster far exceeds the hen  
Teach men to hitch—*hiss* teasing pole, oh pray  
Establish matrimonial agency!

[Enter Mormon Comic Mad Muse]

*Reads and weeps:*

In the States a mishap  
Seducer straight shoots her pap.  
“Christian home” in the toils  
Of so many domestic broils.  
The husband shoots his wife’s seducer  
For stealing her all,  
Unless the lawsuit mollifies his feeling.  
The patient wife detects her “hub” after some  
huss.

Pistol herself, oh such a muss!  
And even in their land the blest  
Baldheaded fathers guilty of incest.  
Many great men have no paws  
And husbands minus pap-in-laws.  
From Maine to Florida misdeeds,  
Leave thousands of buds to grow up weeds.  
If reverend sir naps at morning late,  
An infant miracle greets him at the gate.  
Men yearn to propagate their species  
To look just like their dad  
Find a barren wife—that’s bad.  
All this jumble we leave behind  
To those who see so much to be so blind!  
He who enters here will find,  
No fear nor leave his hopes behind.  
Peace—prosperity and gentleness  
Is the crime for which we now confess.  
Divorces, infidelity, filth, want and disease,  
Let “wisdom” chose, excuse us please!

The Mormon polity is just  
The envy of the puzzled publicist  
Here all are fed and clothed and housed  
Crowned with peace and health,  
Has Vanderbilt an iota more of wealth?  
Besides we have sufficiency  
Laid by for belated rainy day.  
Sing the songs of science  
It all we decry!

The cunning Edmunds now with justice bar-  
ters  
And gives us a few more religious martyrs.  
The “saint” and not the priest would he con-  
demn,  
One loves at least; the other scorns woman.  
We are behind the times, no bawdy houses,  
Assignations, asylums nor poor houses,  
Each does not fight all others  
But “pull”—“We’re a band of brothers!”  
Upon this subject to you so dry  
We have no whisky shops public or on the sly.  
You besotted or bemused in awful pains  
Brag of copper viscera to steal away your  
brains!

We have several wife or none or one,  
And it is said you’re true to none!  
Here industry we bridle  
While your hand in despair runs riot—strikes  
hurt the idle!

We give you chance to make a place  
Nor force you to stripe of disgrace.  
Refuse you work, force you to steal,  
That you may their vile justice feel!  
O, harken unto us—leave your rot  
Let us gather you in as we do our wives,  
Oh, Halifax! who would not!  
The Mormon at Justice now connives,  
The Mormon politics (damn their religion)  
compare with our nation.  
We curse it—humph! worthy of imitation.  
Man to man, there’s justice for Chinee;  
While Freedom—see its refined brutality!  
Let Mormon humanity take the place of our  
greed,  
And beak and claw; the very seed  
Of damnation—chaos—blank oppression!  
Gentlemen, let us call a session,  
And learn wisdom at the feet of fools,  
Where equality, if not tame “morals” rules,  
Nor maddening casuistry twist your head;  
Nor science leave that head without a bed!  
Where many heads official in U. S.  
Are “bodies” without brains—acephalous.  
Oh! “body’s” oh! publicists quite “able,”  
Leave our bill of fare.on (empty) table!  
The triumph of Chasity should repair  
To L—e to find her image there!  
Tho’ Colonel Henry Watterson  
Is virtuous and misses lots of fun!  
While his preceptor, G. D. Prentice, he  
Nursed the—muses on his knee.  
These long-haired hypocrit’s, these “write ups”  
—what a pity,  
That they see a sin no bigger than a gnat in all  
of Utah City,  
And overlook The UNCLEAN BEAST, glutted  
to his fill,  
In all its hideousness—I mean at Louisville,  
With 5,000 courtesans (alas! for them a tear!)  
With as many “double faces,” lust turns out  
every year,  
For religious dudes “necessary evils” who ply  
Their dull arts sing “I’ll be an angel, bye and  
by!”  
With all its churches, pretensions and sham;  
The wolf, the hyena! by it Salt Lake is a  
lamb!  
This Babylon—this “Falls” City on the banks  
of Ohio,  
To turn its nose and say to them, “Thou art a  
seraglio!”  
Home of the debauchee, and libertine,  
The eminent moralists with promiscuous con-  
cubine.  
O, wise, erudite, topheavys, circumspect,  
I wouldn’t have your —neuralgia, for all your  
intellect.

#### MORMON CONFESSION.

Mary pleases me,  
Sarah teases me,  
Fannie amuses me,  
Hettie abuses me,

Annie cheats me,  
Irene heats me,  
But Charlotte fires me,  
And never tires me.

A little hard sense now and then,  
Refreshing is to rhymers' pen;  
Who turn from commonplace, from the true,  
To fantasies—now let us d——n connu,  
And puff the midnight oil, and the flambeau,  
And choose the darkness, it consoles at least;  
Let us grope in darkness, there, and feast;  
It is a change, and that is good, we know.  
Let's call the rhymer crazy that will give  
The critics all a chance, for they must thrive.  
They aid your circulation, bless their gizzards,  
They make the circulation sort of wizards.  
All fleshpots know, with the exception of just  
a little,  
Gained by absorption, we boil from others' ket-  
tles.

If there be a thought expressed here, not  
hinted at before,  
Now mind it;  
You may—I cannot find it;  
Acknowledge all at once—rather than weary  
notes behind it.  
You write me a disciple of B——n,  
Let us your little likeness try on;  
I suffered more, have lived in more despair,  
Am mortal—he was a child of air,  
Lived less, tho' longer, he lived every day  
Of his life; to him it was a play.  
I groped in Dullness, Dunceness, Inanition—  
He yearned never; yet fulfilled ambition.

Teachers many, and the very best;  
I the worst, but this 's no test:  
Then none—such men are blessed.  
He walked the heavens—was sent to hell  
Imaginary, and we have never fell;  
I oft chagrinned, for pride what a god-  
send!

I read his book, here let the likeness end.

Byron quite conservative, nor cowed nor  
bought,  
Yet never said the half he really thought.  
He could be sweet as all men know;  
Nor was he half as bitter as his writings  
show.

I've long lost interest in wicked bard,  
With heart so soft, with head so very hard;  
Tho' I wonder more and more and more  
Than I wondered at him years before.  
His hair is gray at thirty, eye is cold  
And penetrating; at heart he's still a four year  
old;

A man in all things with much conn tilled,  
And yet his heart is with the small boy filled.  
The knowledge struck, still increases;  
Now for a little piece.  
Once it was a solid chunk,  
Now it is a little hunk.  
Specialists, all in our day,  
The broader for the narrow way,

Know all about a spider in a cave;  
Nor know how our neighbors may behave.  
Rake the bottom of the sea for evidence,  
The thousands suffering "no consequence,"  
For knowledge. Just a little bit,  
We will not grant them it,  
By Federal aid or even by subscription  
"Knowledge for the fools?" Why, they take  
a conniption!  
As if it were exclusive for the wise,  
Who need it truly; but the fools shall have no  
eyes,  
And leave them worse than nature's bastards.  
Indeed, aren't the responsible all dastards?  
Hail, Man-monkey, half divini,  
Hail Charles Swing-Hing-Chee Darwini!  
Hold! "Heredit," "Adaptation," everything  
in its place,  
(New Deities, Brother Hæckle, before the same  
say grace!)  
Or rather the "place" grows a thing as it is  
E'en to abnormalities!  
Monism, dualism, metaesthetism, panaes-  
thet,  
Choose not, there are many yet.  
Intuitive, creational, special, evolutional,  
We know not whether boy or gal or imper-  
sonal,  
Or, bi-exceptional, perhaps asexual,  
Or many more hypotheses.  
If you see not what you want, call for it if you  
p'ease!  
Leave now your rot, your twaddle, 'tis san-  
tasm.  
Down on your knees to Deo—Protoplasm.  
Striving 'gainst the wind, let the pa'son pass  
Science seins the ocean, explores the parasites  
in a gnat's eye;  
Goes into secret parts, then into—nebulæ,  
Insect or mind the kind of ozone is he!  
Causes abyssmals to ope mouth wide,  
Divides capillary 'twixt west and h—ll west  
side.  
All things now 'd be understood,  
From bacillus we drink to lacteal fluid,  
Treat the past as dull, hopeless blind,  
Finesse of adept in an insect's before!  
The science of heart and soul and feeling  
Now dead, for fluids, solids, gases,  
Length, breadth and thickness o'er us stealing,  
Space, Time and horrors!  
Man no longer from the past borrows,  
Once gazed at the celestial with wonder,  
Now looking into lenses, by thunder!  
The sun may not, but matter "do move,"  
Instability of the homogeneous they prove!  
Rest is in movement solids are fluids,  
Centers are turned into orbits,  
Things are not what they seem,  
The wise are donkeys.  
Evolution and selection,  
The proper study of mankind is monkeys!  
Microscopist observing the dimensions of a drop  
of water,

Is it asexual son or daughter?  
 Are you male or female,  
 Mr. Planet, Miss Sun,  
 If so, how long have you been one?  
 Physics like metaphysics, always lead  
 To a guerrilla warfare,  
 And sows among opposite the seed  
 Of heresy; doubt us if you dare!  
 If an infinitesimal body  
 Flying through the sky  
 Hit an infinitesimal fragment,  
 All things go awry.  
 Look then at the molecule  
 Pitiful expression in its eye.  
 The injured tone of voice,  
 With waves of biliousness so high!  
 Then see the lamed mind leaning upon a  
 crutch  
 And sighing, I fade away and scatter.  
 Alas! nothing lives for aye,  
 But the indestructibility of matter!  
 And force always overcoming, then retreating.  
 Hard is its fate—its cheating!  
 O Unknown Anonymous Hand,  
 I catch you at your pranks,  
 You tease,  
 When you cough,  
 I will not sneeze!  
 Do you acknowledge this to be your act and  
 deed?  
 Hump! a mere half-breed!  
 Whom we regard: There is a "God idea" to  
 not worth a cuss,  
 Then, there is One, but this is the last of us!  
 Rides on scientific sea his craft,  
 Freebooter Cook, when they were lost they  
 laughed!  
 Then shows bones of vertebrate sub-kingdom,  
 Curiosities in Cook's Hub-museum.  
 Mixes is three professors' statements,  
 With all his futile beratements.  
 His theory of evolution he saddles,  
 On Huxley! Then Joseph straddles,  
 His homological ass the auditors,  
 Who knew in infancy, here give us pause  
 Enough to overthrow the British,  
 Of Joseph Cook the charlatan be skittish!  
 Disproving by vituperation,  
 Clouds up the Spencerian sky.  
 And goes to Lotze for his heredity!  
 Just like one dove-tailed homology,  
 Lotze and Spencer quite agree!  
 Still Fremont Temple fills! ah me,  
 Religionists who all agree!  
 Then Cook, Poisson Jo, quite heated,  
 Cries lustily, "Can you (experts!) be cheated?"  
 "In all this land there remains  
 Not scattered out so many brains."  
 Why then so much need of a teacher?  
 The cultured? Lighted by a preacher!  
 Makes Huxley announce  
 A view which Cook cannot pronounce!  
 Quotes from the 9th edition of Enc. Brit.,  
 Learns from Huxley to disprove it!

Built an intellectual world that mystery has  
 downed.  
 Faith in theology lies dead and damned and  
 gone,  
 All systems of philosophy is found,  
 Half-poetry—mere trickery, all wrong.  
 The founders themselves disgusted if not  
 shamed,  
 Their personality deified, and then profaned!  
 The experts—fair science has too many ways  
 And systems no one will follow;  
 No one expects the thing for which he brays,  
 In oblivion bemused now we wallow.  
 To morals we have only added weakness,  
 Boldness is not tempered yet with meekness.  
 The workman has his laboratory tools,  
 But the victory is counted for the fools!  
 The intellectual world is gone,  
 And the poetical has doubting few,  
 The metaphysical set at its dawn,  
 The moral world is left for me and you.  
 The inner world, what has it to say?  
 The toiling world hasn't time to pray,  
 If it had the will or inclination;  
 The social world must study dress and fash-  
 ion.  
 All have gone to hell or to the skies,  
 Save criticism—that thing never dies.  
 Fine spun words too frail to freight a thought,  
 Euphōneous, not sense, but sound,  
 Nor much that the ear has caught  
 Or held—a euphemistic gossamer compound,  
 That belongs to poetry and other things that's  
 weak,  
 Not homely truths in it resound,  
 Nor words that meaning speak.  
 High-sounding words he ne'er employs,  
 Risks making nothing rather than a noise.  
 Give us mild, intentional confusion; beat  
 About the bush—shameless tergiversation,  
 cheat—  
 Bridled, tied down, is his plan—  
 He hates the lawless idead man,  
 That reigns and soars so free,  
 Prefers the prim to such liberty.  
 A mere guerrilla warfare that he scorns,  
 A hot-house variety with pricks—free things  
 have horns  
 And hoofs bent on spoliation,  
 How "ruined" is this unhaltered nation!  
 Or "gospel of dirt," said Carlyle and effected  
 to despise,  
 Evolution—ethnic dust in his own eyes.  
 They "know" that they have a soul eternal;  
 Tho' the Bible has its evidences quite carnal.  
 In all religion (save Brahma) what confusion,  
 While we have parsons we must have delu-  
 sion.  
 Hail truth! new truths, later ones till we note  
 without surprise,  
 They all at last are based upon charming pro-  
 digious lies.  
 The world we think could be spared great  
 Pope's rhyme,  
 Yet I have sworn when they rejected mine!

Well fares that land to hastening ills no prey,  
When fools fall out if they'd each other slay.  
Their silly, twaddling strife,  
Their demise doubly bless themselves and  
social life.

Ill is that land, by such rakes infest,  
Who count their thousands from a few weak  
jest.

Some preachers, some great infidels,  
Money and great fool-compels,  
While sick-eyed Want and yellow-blown De-  
spair

Ask bread: a stone, a serpent sting their fare.  
When he arose and ope'd his mouth and  
spake

Words that showed a head as well as heart,  
When he spoke out in meeting, so to speak,  
And said the parson's a fantastic freak,  
A focus of the womb of a dark age,  
And drew the clearer line upon the stage,  
And struck it to them right or wrong,  
The people laughed a hearty, honest song.  
He was their tongue, the multitudes;  
And spoke what many thought,  
In words to suit, better than they dared think,  
To the horror of hypocrites and prudes,  
Who ne'er before had smelled of such a stink!  
Then straightway prayed they to their God,s  
To save mankind, the young, the rash,  
Their homes, firesides—and all the odds  
And ends—and raise their salaries in cash.  
Not only prayed but prophesied out loud,  
That God would change the chemicals  
Of the soil; jealous He and proud,  
So we were taught amid much noise—

And give the soil a rest.  
Because we fostered such audacious pest,  
Until corn would be 19 cts. a grain,  
Famines and scourge and narry rain;  
Not only prayed, but prophesied in vain!  
And doubt, themselves; we still have every  
season,

And common sense is no longer treason.  
Guiteau in pantalettes who prays

To God—wondrous are hoops ways!

If thou be my Redeemer,  
Send Robert to eternity—by steamer.

A voyage on the ocean he proposes,  
All our prayers thou hast for years rejected,  
(God, and not womankind disposes).

This very case so very long neglected,  
'O, can it be, O hearken, me,  
Put this vile tongue in—equity!'

Puissant One to neglect grown,  
Hears not suggestions—Bob smiles on  
And all the devils out of hells  
And gods that on Olympus roost  
Disport themselves, the shame repels,  
And drinks his toast!

The woman is a murderous gump,  
Long live great Bob—a bump  
Er fills with justice—equity and hope  
And progress—man no longer grope,  
In superstition's sickening slime;  
Bob is much nearer the Divine.

### TAL. IN HIS TAB. ON TA'F.

Mickle muckle mickle,  
Tal. in a pickle:

Rub-a-dub-dub,

Tal. in a tub,

Brim full of troub;

Rub-a-dub dab,

Tal. in his Tab.

Blab-a-blab blab,

Tal. in his Tab;

Gab-a-gab gab

Jab-ajab jab,

Such a Tab,

Is a "scab."

A-B—ab in a Tab!

What confab-fab-fab

What prattle, prattle, prattle,

Jabberish,

Gibberish,

Chatter, chatter, chatter,

Chatterbox,

Tab, tab, tab,

[Tableaux]

### PROBLEM FOR ROOSTERS.

Man is a cell, man is a sell,

Excuse, I pardon beg,

There always is a hen a hen

Before there is an egg.

The belief of Cause or Origin has changed,  
Unreasonable to one deranged!

Herbert Spencer: "There is an unknowable  
(is!) power behind all.

Noah Porter: "Spencer is a fool."

He writes him atheist,

A reverend professor with a theologic tongue and  
fist.

Misrepresents then optics set above(?)  
Would transform all by law of love!

Is this merely a verbal trick,  
Hitting Herby a love-lick?

We witness the fanatic to "philosophic calm,"  
Who must receive it straight—the theologic  
d—n.

Go on philosophic rant,  
Assume, but never make God, Mr. Kant,  
And this he calls Reality, stale Common Sense,  
I vow,

Please tell us how, please tell us now!  
Agnostic, prognostic, sceptic all along,  
Now spoils it all—the debate to renew to pro-  
long,

Oh, Mr. Kant, 'twill never do,  
Noah whacks you up in Pious Review.  
God's existence hangs dangling,  
By a postulate is strangling.

Alas! alas, that a spec-

Ulator hangs up Deity by the neck!

And then alas! all our laws

Go working on without a Cause!

This is faith quite rational,

(All religion is emotional;)

Based on ideational supersensuous  
Quite contentious, ontological proof.  
Every idea—what a one—is a Truth  
Anchored to teteology—good!  
Moral too—*when it would*.  
A fine-spun theory of dialectics, subtle, profound,  
To use their phrase, “falls to the ground.”  
I want a First Cause, I demand it—  
Anon his Paw—bastard? understand it!  
Kant’s cured by borrowing self-knowledge,  
Professors have to pack their college.  
Oh, Noah, Noah, lay it strong,  
Heart right, tho’ head is wrong.  
Lead! Be tongue to mighty surging throng,  
With heads quite right, hearts brave and strong,  
God’s not belittled—now debated,  
Only enlarged—illuminated!  
The Few for the millions (monetary) the  
swarms for the penny,  
Self-abuse for the few, Self-neglect for the  
many.  
Now Beecher in his pulpit  
With much less sense than wit,  
Much larger than his church of course,  
Not quite as big as all out doors,  
For evolution now he drums,  
Then after it a tune he hums,  
Physical, evolutionary,  
Nor knows that there is one also mental;  
Destroys the creeds, kills the church,  
Upon the Bible now, see perch  
The Vulture stuffed with Study,  
From—Nowhere!  
Its clear waters would muddy.  
Upon the Good Book now he roosts  
To smirch it, I deduce,  
That his mere touch of sacred wings,  
Would quite bes foul. Secular things,  
Trailed in the dust at his touch.  
Then pious songs! It is too much!  
A drummer from some fresh Review,  
Assumes to teach both me and you!  
And get the credit, my what robbers  
These preachers are! very jobbers,  
Dealing in, now if you must have the theory in  
short,  
Go to Fiske; Henry is a mere abort;  
I hardly think he read his Master through,  
Spencer—Nor I, had I else to do!  
Fiske! strong men, to make a rhyme  
Firked to the frailties of his time.  
“Beecher’s for the theory!”  
Alas! ‘twill drive the best away.  
A “rat” that would reach to either side,  
Colossus—they’ll split him open wide!  
Knows less of the subject he attempts to  
teach,  
Than it of conclusions it would reach,  
Yet *soi disant* Generalissimo  
This broad land goes forth to sow  
The truth that he has lately found;  
His evolution is not sound.

But noisy mouthings—a second growth  
His mind has taken, on my oath.  
The only difference between Bob and Henry,  
Is wide as you will shortly see.  
Both fight the church, both it divide,  
One out, the other in the inside,  
And when the ruin falls, the cheat  
Is lost; Bob views it from a safe retreat.  
One, a manly foe; the other wolf  
As a lamb arrays himself  
In raiment light, and to deceive  
Is his business: don’t believe.  
Yet scorns the honest doubter,  
Will him abuse  
And wink—“it’s only a smart ruse,  
I turn in, you turn out,  
And then the field we route,  
You do not drive them in, just see me drive  
them out!”  
Such monkey shines und never fail.  
Does he to show his growing Tail,  
Tho’ he wears a long tail coat is cut  
Lie out of whole “Cloth”—shows his butt,  
To all that seriously incline  
To solve his real ancestral line.  
The motive, here is quite plain,  
The fools rush in if he proclaim,  
No matter what in America  
Is going on, we go to see.  
His “Revolution” I maintain,  
Marched up the hill and down again,  
His “Revolution” raised no smoke,  
Nor fire—if joke, a quite poor joke,  
Tho’ rather amusing,  
So let me stop abusing,  
For what’s the use  
Of attempting to abuse, Abuse!  
When he opens mouth quite wide,  
Out steps Egotism, Pride,  
Mixed with it a little Wit;  
Profound are never caught at it.  
Then panegyrics the man of Sinai,  
As half—that Christ was whole divine,  
Christ was the son of God ’tis true,  
No more or less am I or you.  
He first to recognize his pap,  
Tho’ came He by the route mishap.

With Henry Ward I now am through,  
Now Colonel Bob I turn to you,  
And all I have to say is go it.  
Boots! the flow, the fire, if not the form of  
poet.  
Now I am through, I will have done,  
Fun never came from sadder one.”

[Exit.]

The heaters now had all the roses of medical  
science and rotics of hysterics and hypo.

The poet was white with anger.  
Alas! he is not through!  
•“Imagination—thou edged tool,  
To hard head as well as fool,

Fancy has quite a soft,  
Cracked hard head as soft.  
Good old fanatical Gordon  
For prophesying got locked up in Soudan.  
Entered into an alliance  
With lunacy, fantasy and prescience,  
A Christian Prophet with a gun!  
To coax Egypt to Man the Son.  
O, Gordon, thou Son of Fancy,  
Thy Teacher taught not militancy;  
All mankind He would release,  
Not by Krupp guns, but gentle Peace.  
Christians now possess the merit  
Of blotting letter and the spirit,  
Bringing chaos out of order,  
By quiet, gentle Christian murder.  
Mormon in the prime of life,  
Talmage: "Sheridan, gun and knife.  
Turn canister and shell and shot  
Upon this miserable rot;  
Turn bayonet and shot and shell  
Upon this seraglio of hell.  
Blot out the filthy prostitute!"  
Toot, O, Talmage, toot and toot.  
War-horse, battle gash and bullet,  
Trample Rooster likewise Pullet;  
Christ, the man corrected ills  
With the Word, not leaden pills.  
Tabernacle froths upon the border,  
Of cold-blooded, sickening murder!  
Morally Talmages' shoes  
Dangle from legal noose.  
Foolish fool who pipes and pipes,  
Not content with all his stripes:  
"Phil, toot up thy bugle, toot,"  
Tal, will send his — substitute.  
Send Talmage to the walls behind?  
Nay, pilgrim, institute weak mind.  
'Tis peace that guards monogamy,  
And war that breeds polygamy;  
Yet these good men and pure,  
Employ the cause, effect to cure!  
When women war in valleys van,  
Then census shows up, Polyan'  
When sexes you equally divide,  
Pol and Polyg's heads you hide.  
But when you shoot down the men,  
Promiscuity is born again.  
Between forty males and forty females,  
One will have one—not many tails.  
One will have one, for it is right,  
Court beats fighting out of sight.  
Kate Field is raising sand,  
Poor child, she needs a man—a man.  
Stay at home at night,  
Rather than dodging deadly Danite,  
The little weakly Mormon yoke,  
Supplies man with a little joke.  
Statesmn, preacher, never mind 'em,  
Come home they will with tails behind 'em.  
Census should not fight the mind,  
Since 1860 has declined.  
  
And among the sexes—three,  
Males, females and parsons see?

If, if my memory serve me right,  
I've heard it whispered—haven't you?  
Parsons like a taste or two,  
Let him no more the question beg,  
Rise up camp-meeting chicken leg.  
  
Few old codgers, healthy to boot,  
Cut a caper with forbidden fruit.  
Let men deride, and women say "fools,"  
Raise children—for the Sunday-schools.  
  
Infidel might raise the right  
To settle hash with cuff and fight.  
Strikes me he should not use the rod  
Who hopes and prays to be like God.  
Talmage quite a small potater,  
When Christ he is an imitator.  
Dismal failure every hour  
He shows up such mimetic power,  
Oh, Tal who cut up caper,  
Not imitator, but mere aper.  
Here the honor lies: Fulfil your part,  
Fight the devil within your heart.  
Talmage, turn, you are hell bent,  
Here is the stool, here, here repent!  
Repent, repent, rep'nt and live!  
"God" may, but man will not forgive.  
What a charming paradox,  
When christianized fight pagan cocks,  
England with her war and wealth,  
Shows Christ in her poor in health.  
"God rules" Gordon can't reject,  
Though God and England him neglect,  
So long as eucharist can reach him,  
Experienc vainly tries to teach him,  
Still rides up on his muscle,  
Rations only blood corpuscle.  
Doesn't know he's in a "pinch,"  
"120,000,000,000,000 of 'em to cubic inch."  
Rejects transubstantiation, trim,  
Eucharist gave enough for him.  
Give Gordon credit—he's not a quack,  
Plain, stark, wild-eyed maniac.  
Here let us close the story  
Of the Christian predatory.  
Settled fact that such prescience  
Is founded on pure nescience  
No man is a Mormon, good one,  
In the faith the female fails,  
For its excess is not of males,  
Utah, then, a dire omen,  
Will men therefore war on women?  
Because forsooth, because high strung,  
They fell in the arms of B(r)ig(h)amy Young?  
Why should "pars" smart under rubs,  
Because among fair women there are scrubs.  
  
Once bowed-down arise and prance,  
Cable wretched Rechepin in France!  
So much science has to say,  
Poet, here is poetry!  
Science would intercept thy theme,  
Nescience, hence "*Les Blaspheme.*"  
Rechepin as he grows strong,  
Mark it, will likely change his song.

Kick as he does causality,  
 Damn damnation ingeniously;  
 Let him go, it will not hurt,  
 Let him snap and tear his shirt.  
 Let him turn poetic verse,  
 At order let him howl and curse!  
 At harmony let him shake his head,  
 In garret and behind wood shed.  
 Let him glare, let him point,  
 His scorn at Superstition stiff in joint!  
 Hostile let him go at front and head,  
 Fool will find yet its long since dead!  
 Then, not till' then, will he begin  
 To kill the fool in Rechepin!  
 Rechepin his god has lost,  
 In space his soul by grim fate tossed,  
 Fear or hope he will not own,  
 "Disciples"—goes it not alone?  
 Why then hope, why then pray?  
 Wretchedness wants company!  
 Men who desire to destroy  
 Religion along with its alloy,  
 Who set their pens against delusions  
 Black and back ground set in fair illusions,  
 Who rob the wretched of his Blest,  
 Who knock "Supreme" both hell and west,  
 Take by his horns devil Deist,  
 Ruffle front arranged by Pantheist,  
 Wrench the fang of the Within  
 Men like Rechepin, Jean.  
 Who lay stiff all conscience pangs,  
 And snatch 'em bald by their bangs,  
 Rob ideal of its glow,  
 Tear duct dry! No nose to blow!  
 Down with this silly strife,  
 Which builds a cab for future life;  
 Down at once all present pain,  
 Future is a lie in vain!  
 Drown the whisperings seductive,  
 To present order so destructive.  
 Even that trick appliance,  
 That apotheoses science!  
 Oh, how he gloats in extreme,  
 In triumph kills Divine Obscene!  
 Laughs at, curses, hisses the hoax,  
 On it builds a thousand jokes,  
 Turns again at midnight hour,  
 Hurls his force with savage power,  
 Then anon in sadness moans,  
 Bears his life away in groans.  
 Wrong is thy plan to destroy all glory,  
 Hie thee to thy laboratory,  
 Quit riding such a stupid donkey,  
 Study anatomy of ape and monkey.  
 Employ your—ha! ha! mind—find the True,  
 As we Sons of Britain do!  
 Be sure you're right be sure, be sure,  
 This, Frenchman, is the cure.  
 Hold: Go liberate yourself from strife,  
 And brea'the for once one breath of life,  
 Now nature is a jargon mutter,  
 Music she distinct will utter.

From thy racket stop an hour—  
 What a treat,

A second, man—sour?  
 Now how sweet!

If atheist, why cut up so,  
 Why kick, if you have the true?  
 Why rage, foam and threat and surge,  
 Is possession such a scourge?

Preachers and preachers all out of breath,  
 Parsons' Conventions that talk "God" to death,  
 Then poets' verse makers to be sublime,  
 Always put "God" in the last line.

For is not evolution—do not fear,  
 The Universal Cure-all panacea?  
 The rage for knowledge grows apace,  
 A pace, and jolly thrilling is.  
 To-day the whole of our race.  
 On science up to snuff she is,  
 She gets so deep in institute,  
 That churches crumble from neglect,  
 Dresses mind in this new suit  
 Damned, now turns out the elect  
 Children are now boisterous.  
 No longer pine in cloister,  
 Cuss all divine spiritual,  
 Unless it's sensational,  
 Un'ess St. Paul can stand experiment—St.  
 Paul  
 Must go to the (devil) wall—must fall,  
 In science never was such fun,  
 Found before, since world begun,  
 H'm! poetic, but not so,  
 World begun! oh, no, oh, no!  
 If church ever annoyed the mind,  
 It was when it was behind  
 The times. Now we only confess  
 To Priestly Biogenesis;  
 Girls who wept on mourners' stool,  
 Now join Huxley's Sunday-school;  
 Exchange at once, "article" effete  
 For molecules so dear and sweet,  
 Tear off neck charms, her beads now dull,  
 A necklace of some dug up skull.  
 Crania, Patagonia, Neandethal so thick,  
 Acephalous race! sit on dalicko, and branchycephalic,  
 Oh, my, how cute, shouts every dear,  
 We fall in love with protozoa, and you think  
 queer,  
 We have life—our existence  
 Rolls in waves of least resistance.  
 We are now, so strong and able,  
 Fie, eucharist! for dissecting table.  
 Religion out! we do not mope,  
 Since Microscope and Spectroscope,  
 Quite forgotten are our prayers;  
 We have other avatars,  
 Darwin cleared the world of smoke,  
 And revealed—shame on it—hell a joke!  
 Creeds—true men have robbed and killed the  
 creeds,  
 In "Nineteenth Century" they give us screeds.  
 We now no longer fear Old Nick,  
 Fashion to be a heretic.

We are free at last; it makes us furious  
To think "Belief" so queer, so curious,  
That our forefathers could not see  
Relationship to the chimpanzee.  
The fever caught at the Boston school,  
Sweet girls dote on molecule.  
Come all seekers of the true,  
What? we cannot monkey with you?  
Then go and live in night half-breeds,  
Your ignorance science far exceeds!  
Go to superstitions cel!,  
Leave us to our—well,  
Go, be like the country fright,  
Who live(?) in deep, abysmal night.  
Be not a man, be a mouse,  
It may keep thee out of mad-house.  
This way you get your due,  
Then the Good Lord pity you.  
A mind thus to heart takes strife,  
Knows not a-b-c of life.  
Who break their necks to Sunday-school,  
Who never met a molecule,

\* \* \* \* \*

Richepin, you are undone,  
Here's life—join us in the fun.

Then, O, man, would you lose sight  
Of the whole religious fright?  
Look through scientifoscope,  
Look—live—know, then grope.  
Look once—'tis due—freely by touch  
The magic spring—you've suffered much,  
Your mind no longer shall be blank,  
Look! you won't? Must science spark  
Music, drama and the stage,  
Last relics of the insane age,  
Mark it, intellectual  
Has outgrown the mad emotional,  
Is a step into the clear,  
From the mist, incongruous, laughter, anger,  
    fear.  
Enmity, scorn, revenge and rage,  
Were possessed by the savage.  
Courting, jealousy and love,  
These links reach not the above.  
They play their part—once necessary part,  
Man walks on feet, not head and heart,  
Walk erect—straight, aplomb,  
Man has gained his equilibrium.

#### ARGUMENT.

When the Poet finished I know not; I only know that I discovered the loss of my toe to my trunk, which gave me exquisite suffering. I traveled for nine years in earth, sea and air, without success, to find the missing member upon my return just where—where it had been all the while. I upbraided it for thus deceiving my sight, and then began my occupation with zeal and hope.

The Poet greeted me and informed me that a convocation of philosophers and scientists had been seeking admission ever since my departure.

They entered, and for days nothing but the two themes were broached, the Poet reading his jingle ever and anon.

The poet rehearses:

It is the way of those inured  
To suffering to be caricatured.  
For if they suffer for a lie,  
The lie we nail, we crucify!

"Stop!" shouted nineteen earth worms simultaneously, "stop, we implore thee our Master, and hear us!" Alas for me—they too had caught the rhyming fever, and now of course must read them! I roared much for one given over to so much gravity. Yes, I roared in a tickle that went to the very ends of my fingers for the Poet was dejected! He no longer had a monopoly; he now must listen—and I could not have selected greater regimen for the pesky spirit that had kept me in such painful disgust for days. "Hold," they cried, then seven arose to read at once! Then there was trouble—aye, angry words as to who should be heard first. I was called upon to decide! Eight hundred other earth worms having joined the ranks of rhymers all with their rhymes fresh and hot from their brains. I settled it thus: All who had rhymes to read were to crawl into the palm of my hand first—then we would see. My! how they did come. After getting a grip on all of them I sniffed them up my nose, only, alas! to hear them rehearsing each his own, as they crawled out my ear. Then I took my little toe to my trunk and unlocked it and deposited the poets in the bottom, where only one at a time was admitted through the key hole, the strongest of course being first to read, while the weaker ones had thus the more time to prepare, erase, re-read and so on. They did not suffer by being held back. Only it was very mortifying to those that were released—all the appreciative hearers being locked up!

As each one read he retired, and in a short while it seemed to me that they each and all were reading the very same rhymes. I was unable to distinguish between them. About preachers and scientific terms, and Socrates and such stuff.

There seemed no connection between the matter presented, some beginning where another had left off. But hear them in alphabetical order:



#### A. EARTH-WORM:

[FROM GRUBLESS STREET.]

Every thought (never mind the sense),  
Every whim, will have its audience;  
Since man the Thoughtful sought nor found,  
In brooding less confusion, hence more sound.  
Socrates' voice is louder heard.  
To-day, oh! ink-slingers, he never wrote a  
word!

Yet permeated with divine spark,  
(With his tongue he made his mark.)  
He merely talked—nor ever laugh  
Was heard. Soc. was no walking pantagraph.

### B. EARTH-WORM.

Then Pope, oh! what a drudging ass was he!  
Out of a thousand, a dozen lines we see.

### C. EARTH-WORM.

To teachers new mankind is ever prone,  
To teachers true, and every man his own  
God, Christ, philosopher *per se*,  
Diagnostician his own M. D.,  
And no longer in the Past we grovel,  
We hail thee Chief, if thy book be novel.  
Then come! receive at once a blaze  
Of Glory—victims of the latest craze!  
With ears polite—the surging throng,  
Will crop them where they are too long.  
Then come; we want exception to the rules,  
The field is ripe—now reap the crop of—  
The word is dull and meaningless to-day,  
The fool may be the wise in *fol* array.  
But we should have a spank.—  
Yes, a spanking machine for every crank.  
But if this shou'd come from Church or State,  
Pray who'd be left to operate!

### D. EARTH-WORM.

A mild complaint—no doctor, for it will not  
kill,  
And, if it be serious, he works no miracle.

### E. EARTH-WORM.

The preacher and the layman—two fools met,  
Which is the bigger—that's to be settled yet;  
You are the dupe, say not a word agin it,  
Every time he shakes your hand he finds a  
dollar in it.  
Let it go empty a time or two,  
And his cordiality will be as empty, too.  
Slaves to preachers in this country,  
A foolish woman, what a fool is she!  
Doctrines that dethrone the little brain;  
Creeds that are washed in bloody stain;  
Put on your face, rush to the steeple,  
To get your creed for maddening the people,  
And pay the robber—cannibal is he,  
That eats his Jesus, flock, and enemies all three!

### F. EARTH-WORM.

Fight errors in truth; no sin,  
Nor hide a blotch in his Bible is bold,

In theology the evidence is long since in,  
Not so of science we all can hold.

Accept the truth wherever found,  
The pagan, all is holy ground.  
Christ ain't Peace, theology is night,  
Some more theological irenicons or Stagyrite,  
Then ethnic god of fragmentation,  
Ollapod—crazy-quilt—stagnation;  
Or scolloped, filigree, fantastic, vain,  
Oh, give it to us straight and plain,  
The scient says, "I'm with you, raise my hat,  
But man's a lump of protoplasm for a' that."

### G. EARTH-WORM.

Pleasure is a sin—now this thought treasure:  
That sin is pain always, and not a pleasure.

### H. EARTH-WORM.

Your silly parsons, whose minds quite fill  
A silk hat, while out of it is nil;  
And then I like the agnostic well,  
And damn the egotistic infidel.  
Your "truly good" that they are our betters,  
Because forsooth, their thought is bound in  
fetters,  
And circumscribed, as if space had a limit  
With themselves, and nothing more was in it.

### I. EARTH-WORM.

There are many "crying evils" preachers—can  
it be  
A laughing evil's Robert G?  
They cry out to their God, who, if he hears an  
swers not;  
If he hears not is a "dummy." Mein Gott!

### J. EARTH-WORM.

A literary trick, so juvenile that Fame smiles  
And wonders—while he all great reviles;  
So young, precocious; and then he grows  
To dullness; his puberty ain't prose.  
Christ, the "loafing tramp," he that kissed the  
rod  
Of Religious Persecution, and got a job as  
God.  
The Prince of Martyrs kissed the rod  
Of Religious Persecution and got a job as  
God.  
The later Christians are in their graves;  
Their hands are stiff and cannot save.  
We have done with them have out-grown.  
Them all; now every man's his own.

!

### K. EARTH-WORM.

Highest type of Circassian race,  
Put the Negro in his place;  
Contest the lie with might and main,  
Bible fits a nigger brain.  
Same too easy to believe,  
Fourteen years will it receive,  
Cast away at seventeen,  
Originality is here I ween.  
All arguments—  
To rounded man is an offense.  
They do not do nor satisfy,  
For meat on it "preach" rely.  
Ye kept smart men say it is true  
As gospel—well, that will do!  
Many smart men of it drink,  
No telling what smart men will think.  
Many good man by it die,  
And live on useless piety.  
Have your religion, the sport is blind,  
Mine? h—m! has escaped my mind.  
Science, then; why abuse it?  
We know enough, but do not use it.  
Science still is on the boom,  
Mad-house has limited room.  
From spectrum analysis appliance,  
To talking science as a science;  
If life is short, if it be long,  
Do something, though you do it wrong!  
To believe takes no capacity,  
Much learning is mendacity.  
Scientists live, if they deride,  
Why believe a lie to be "on the safe side?"  
Science now has freely boasted:  
"Believe a lie—rather be roasted!"  
Go where you will, what will you find,  
In crazy-quilted, miscellaneous mind?  
Copy returned, rejected,  
Miscellaneous mind is so neglected.

!

### L. EARTH-WORM.

Man in error upon every hand,  
Denies what he does not understand.  
Will Error her way ne'er mend,  
Nor damn what it can not Comprehend?  
Libraries, tomes of every nation,  
Contain much error—little information;  
Patience, science with eye upon the True,  
Illuminates but hides the scientist from view;  
Sees God in every thing, and brings a rupture,  
Because he is obscured by the Holy Scripture.  
God there is in tape worm, planet and germ,  
not Bibi;  
The measly thing in that is infirm fib.  
Let mankind rather go it blind,  
Prophesy is infirmity of the mind;  
Science, laws of health now everywhere,  
Says down with dreams, and filth and lousy  
long hair.

That tyrants wrong will toast after this,  
Doesn't add to virtue's distress much bliss.  
Bible does not give to one his right,  
Mule must gall and pull himself to night.  
God of old—not these when fasting,  
Never concealed about him the everlasting.  
If man is going to Abe from this footstool,  
Where in hell is justice for the mule?  
Man bound not for heaven, bound for hell,  
Sceptics worse off than asses, what a sell!  
No sceptic yet you liars ever denied,  
Your God in Little, they only magnified.  
Then rise Philosophy, nor could the question  
beg,  
Showed infirmity of thought to affirm or even  
neg.  
None but pious lunatics  
Would think material meant lifeless somatics.

!

### M. EARTH-WORM.

Jesus Christ is dead upon this cross,  
Is warmed to life by lowly men,  
Is stiff upon his cross again!  
Within the lute, there is a rift,  
Man's friend upon his cross is stiff!

Persecution is now in vain,  
That Right or Ch-ist would come again!  
It seems that men are "out of head,"  
Who place their hopes upon Him dead;  
Or how e'erfore the future, who  
Deserts them in the Now.  
His teachings too, oh, such a fund,  
Except to infidels are moribund!

!

### N. EARTHWORM.

Money ?? all the rage,  
From day to day its war we wage;  
Percentage is our highest God,  
Poor man feels its cruel rod.  
Now in every school is Taught  
Public domain, Economy, "sold" or "bought."  
Tariff, Revenue, Currency, Banking,  
The Profesor is his scholars spanking,  
Over National taxation, Railway, Navigation  
laws,  
Public lands "Neighbors," give us pause!  
Labor, strikes, Communism by our collar,  
And masquerading, lying silver dollar:  
While Shakspere's a gigantic fizz,  
Because he had no eye for Biz!  
Money, ready cash down on are lazy  
Poets, and Christians crazy,  
Who place their faith upon a what?  
I give it up, themselves know not.  
Money, money, hellish stuff,  
To test I've never had enough.  
Humanity its heart is stiff and cold.  
The poet orator, is bought for gold!  
The glittering band has come to stay,  
We kick not if it comes our way.

### O. EARTH-WORM.

The scheme of P. Pilate & Co., has had a long  
run,  
P. Pilate, O, God, and J. Christ his son;  
But all things have their time to curl,  
Up and stink in this whirl;  
Freedom of thought, a change has brought,  
And that change is Freedom and thought.  
Little thought less emancipation,  
Much freedom and a thoughtful nation.  
France it seems much thought can stand,  
*Per contra* cold potato Ireland.

[IBID.]

Gelatinous nodule is our pap,  
Not Genesis—wide of mark—mishap;  
I had rather grow up from a worm,  
Than grow down from seraph germ.  
“Designer” if you will, found it as easy,  
To float a planet as a butterfly so breezy;  
I maintain, dear sir, yes, I do, by thunder,  
That a soap bubble is as great a wonder.  
How can the critics be so blind?  
Creation got along before the human mind;  
She run it long before our brain,  
She'll keep it up when we are vain!  
We give you evolution and you perplex us,  
Because forsooth, we hain't the *nexus*!  
You accept the hypothesis by Gol.  
But would explain it by Paley's theor!  
Never mind explanation, it spoils dear souls,  
Great mystery (explain it not!) consoles—  
You have your nat. theology and raise objec-  
tion,  
Kase we've diskiver super nat. selection.

### P. EARTH-WORM.

Are we ignoble sons (downward) of noble  
squires,  
Or noble sons of (worms) ignoble sires?  
You've had your way you (spoiler devil)  
Spiler,  
We'll have our'n or bust a biler.  
We find it as tough to charm a charmer,  
As to reform a peg-is-sot reformer.  
To one infidel idiot, there is about  
One hundred checked for never-mind, via  
church route.  
To call a man idiot, plain as can be,  
Is done for self defense, don't you see.  
Preachers to point the race to hell,  
Who would find it just as well!

### Q. EARTHWORM.

The preacher no longer serenely passes  
Along his way as one of God's asses,  
But nervously treads to his retreat,  
The people now write him down plain dead  
beat.

### R. EARTHWORM.

Knowledge perishes wisdom won't keep,  
To-morrow 'twill be as a bleat of a sheep;  
The wise erudite off at schools,  
In an hour turn to fools.  
And there remains we bewail,  
You've noticed that Plato's stale!  
We read now just what may happen  
Aristotle is mold on “accidents” we batten.  
The eyes have the ascendancy  
No longer think but look at tendency!  
Nor seeing it at all; blind as night,  
In this day of broad daylight.

### S. EARTH-WORM.

The verbal crew, ah me!  
Sequel of his words not with his first agree.  
Some use them plain, sesquipedalian and  
strong.  
Try every trick to be seen in sapient throng.  
In the inferno, the 1st One  
Is silence—Soc and Plato, He between  
A figure head of Christ that saves  
The talking two, the two thieves  
That rob themselves of rest  
And reason too, they oft confessed.

The thinking sages what a train,  
Have guts like clock-work in the brain.

There's many a one in convict garb,  
And in that garb will die,  
That hides a better heart  
Than exposed by you and I.

Once the spirit had not where  
To lay its head; in temples scorned to enter  
there;

Now massive piles to superstition reared,  
And the debate in England warm it waxes,  
That they have all the spirit of Christ seared,  
Now they must pay their taxes!

They say it loud with tongue and fist—  
“God” always was a pauper, on the delinquent  
“list.”

### T. EARTHWORM.

They whom Dante couldn't use:  
The poet-pest, Dante'd abuse.

### U. EARTH-WORM.

The parson now is gone from all things in our  
day,  
Tho' thousands of fools the parson yet may  
sway,

The priest-hood knows its losing grip, and 'gins  
to quake with fear,  
Tho' thousands of fools join over and over  
I aver, every year.

### V. EARTHWORM.

Run 'gainst Nature's laws, she turns about,  
Retaliates, and knocks you out.

### W. EARTHWORM.

Under cloud of philosophic profundities,  
Aesthetics, maxims, and theories,  
Which go oft coruscations-like pop-cracker,  
And leave the darkness still the blacker!  
Wail, lament long-haired religious hydria,  
Evolution is now taught ex-cathedria.  
Taught and maintained to kill,  
In the very Green(est) ville!  
Wrong-doing is a heavy price,  
Nature gets away with vice!  
Depend upon Self not the Correctors,  
Government boards or inspectors,  
To individual is sheer  
Nonsense! Reformers interfere!  
Intuitive or intra,  
Sensational or extra.  
In spite of whining Mallock or Carlyle's mis-  
giving,  
"Life" will yet be worth the living!  
Sweat, perspire and for  
It miss the celestial ichor!

### X. EARTHWORM.

To live at peace,  
Christ-like avoid the asses and the mules  
(priests),  
Make you some rules,  
Stick to them—and banish social fools.  
Then to fare well: here's how,  
Be no man's fool—no woman's tool,  
Nor take a foolish vow.  
You have your rule of life—I've no objection,  
So long as I am "privileged exception."

### Y. EARTHWORM.

Pulpit preacher in every station,  
Is a little go-off!!!! exclamation.  
So Ruskin-esque counterfeit aesthetics,  
To Concord school of didascalies;  
From darkness and dogma,  
To sweetness and lightway.  
Oh, that which speaks ain't flesh and blood,  
But chemicals is understood!  
God so "large" that he is quite unwieldy,  
Or so "small" that he cannot be found,  
When wanted; or concealed is He  
Or She, square, medium or round?

"Tis weak to think of the pearly  
Gates, as taught by Rev. Extra Early.  
We are all damned, we are all cussed,  
By whining Rev. Extra Dry as Dust.

### Z. EARTHWORM.

Just see the sects they fight with beak and  
claw,

And just escape the minions of the law.  
The Catholic, Jew, Protestant ever right,  
And ever ready to prove it by a fight.  
A foretaste of their hells—pall mall,  
The peaceful man only is the serene infidel.

So here we are the alphabet exhausted, yet  
the trunk, alas, one turmoil of fighting poets!  
Those to follow shall be known as be-  
longing to the second period. Each will be  
designated by an exclamation point:

The preacher is a fool,  
The hearer is a clown,  
Church spires p'intin' up,  
Souls a p'intin' down.

A God that carnalizes and congeals  
Upon any old systems all  
Nebulous—His presence feels  
Like nothing damp—it stinks a pall,  
Says Ruskin-esque the eccentric,  
Who has no God if it be concrete,  
Dogmatic, systematic local or physical,  
But He must be quite biological;  
Material that anything but rational,  
Sensational at last is idea-tional.  
Not exactly evolution plan,  
But goes the De(o)scent of man.

There was a time—oh! what a Season,  
That Faith should get atop of Reason!  
Giving fiddletops the fits  
Deranging clearer, surer wits.  
Of Reverend Neverend be skittish,  
His is a clear case of misfitish.  
Still he would be a Teacher,  
The logic of the Methodist Preacher!  
See 'em, hear 'em, see 'em.  
One alone would stock museum!  
When men's wits shall go aright,  
Day will be day—not night.  
Mind went astray, hence all our ills,  
And the devil foots the bills.  
Oh, Reverend, oh, loving Pastor,  
Ignorant of arts as a Master,  
Dread disease—softener of the mind,  
Then nescience only there you find.  
Put that with this, this with that,  
Lo! vacuum beneath his hat!

No more then with prank or quip,  
 Parson long since lost his grip.  
 Folly to keep up a trail—a sin,  
 Faith long since too dead to skin;  
 Ill logic that to butt one's head  
 Against a thing so long since dead,  
 Against a faith now defunct,  
 Vs. parson or moribund monk.  
 Peace to the asses they've had their day,  
 Of trouble, war and quite poor pay.

!

Now then to the man of Mind,  
 To the man of Mental Force;  
 I must be cruel to be kind,  
 Take it as a matter of course.  
 No criticism can be too severe,  
 For him who trifles with the head,  
 Or stuffs with Sophistry our ear,  
 Or jumbles up the aforesaid,  
 Driving men (women) escapes to insanity,  
 Just to tickle his abnormal bump of vanity.  
 Vengeance on 'em now I reek,  
 Show their mountainous range of cheek;  
 Indicted here—a case in fact,  
 No fancy, under Vagrant Act.

!

The fools are bent with eager brain,  
 On meditation's way to fame.

!

Worthless mankind, I now aver,  
 Mental vagrant! 'Tis philosopher.  
 If a figure stands for statistician,  
 O, symbolizes metaphysician.  
 A history I propose to tell,  
 Of this pauper intellectual  
 Poorer than all in this respect,  
 A poverty struck in intellect.  
 The poor in purse we ever find,  
 But now we deal with poor in mind.  
 From shore to shore, from Sun to Sun,  
 Tell us pray what has he ever done?  
 Butt, butt, butt, on the cold, gray stones, ah,  
     see!

Good Lord, have pity on said crew—and me.  
 All his work from the top of his (intellect)  
     bent,  
 He leaves us orphaned without a thought or a  
     cent.

Full many a fly and spider has he caught,  
 And buried amid the wrecks of his dome of  
     Thought,  
 A man full reckless, really hell-bent,  
 Is he who follows Imperial Thought Transcend-  
     ent.

They who want thorns and thistles.  
 Break their shanks when e'er he whistles.  
 His time could hardly be spent much worse,  
 In the sound of a grunt pachydermatous;  
 In fact, I am constrained to say,  
 As fructiferous is a Long Eared Bray.  
 The philosopher when he is frank,  
 Lets out the cat—you draw a blank.

!

Sh! Socrates, thou shade,  
 Inventor of talk; the hen that laid;  
 This cackle of the Cock of the Talk,  
 From breakfast to noon, noon to night,  
 Talker worked with main and might.  
 Subj cts exhausted, more were invented,  
 Never was the talker crank contented.  
 O, Socrates, O, little Soc's,  
 Honor to the chitter-box!  
 He talked of trees, and stars and Toads,  
 And Before and After speeches and odes,  
 "And through it all Zintippe never went,  
 Through the old chap's breeches and fished  
     up a cent."

But as b'd is there is some little good,  
 From his rostrum he hustled up kindling  
     wood.

From his Autocratic Throne of Thought  
 When thirsty, water then he sought,  
 And this man whose head was a head,  
 Often had water when he didn't have bread.  
 A statement here I should make,  
 Absence of bread was'nt the presence of  
     cake.

Shame on thou Socrates for inventing rules,  
 That breed even now philosophy fools;  
 Shame on thou Socrates, shame if I must,  
 Thy evils still live if thy talker is dust.

Foolish mortal why despise,  
 Men of mental exercise,  
 Men of brain receptively,  
 Men of thought activity.  
 While sluggards sleep and dullards snore,  
 His mind is up at work at four;  
 From four till late doth cogitate,  
 Universal postulate.  
 I know I've mentioned not his name,  
 The dullest guesser knows the same.

For exposing all the gods,  
 Socrates faced big odds,  
 Worse than that, in the strife,  
 Socrates lost his life.  
 Had Socrates exposed mankind,  
 They would have hailed him as sublime.  
 He had his way and drunk the drug  
 From which he died without a strug.  
 "You swallow gods, your mind is lame,"  
 Then Socrates became a name.  
 For exposing all word twisters,  
 From wildest to the toughest blisters;  
 For dissecting sophs and sages,  
 And shaking them across the ages,  
 They will invite their ghosts to rise,  
 Point finger at the otherwise,  
 And hope perhaps to drive me frantic,  
 With freaky caper, foolish antic.  
 I've long since done with gobblin gills,  
 Hunting hash precludes such ills;  
 My duty is to turn them over,  
 That publisher may live in clover.  
 I make a name—never mind my neck,  
 Name! Honored, except when to a check.

Fame! thou evil omen,  
Enough for us—not washerwoman.  
Socrates escaped this fun,  
He never had his washing done.  
O, Socrates, thou Prince of gabbing,  
Inventor of the art of Talking,  
Perfector of the art of babbling,  
Peripatetic talked while walking,  
Nothing skipped all things took heed,  
So simple, one could run and read.  
Cured all ills with his tonguish balm,  
Held nothing—all things in his palm!  
In conversation, always ample,  
Set the world a bad example,  
Sophronisus had a wordy son,  
The infant could not hold his tongue.  
Had no time to laugh or weep,  
Even chirruped while fast asleep.  
Innocent of one offense,  
Never dealt in sad nonsense.  
In war set down a coward,  
In peace, cyclonic blowhard.  
Oh, words without connecting link,  
Taught men to talk if not to think.  
Of Socrates as now depicted,  
Of ignorance all men convicted,  
Summoned Mankind to trial,  
Knowledge is purely *nihil*.  
In death left the world his scoff,  
Plato took up where he left off.  
Of much that Good Old Plato said,  
Convicts him of a nugia head.  
In some things somewhat greater  
Than Socrates the Agitator.

All things I give them lie,  
But never ask philos belief.  
Your ignorance angers him,  
Go way, great *bore*, but petit man !  
But here I will let the cat out;  
Philosopher believes not, yet does not doubt.  
Here, as the cat is let out,  
To formulate Belief, cannot, nor formulate a  
Doubt!

[Exit.]

Now, to Science let us bow,  
Let us milk this modern cow.  
Shall we see of what's off  
She is made? Good 'nough.  
Science and religion double,  
Science gives religion trouble.  
Science, science, what a lie!  
Preacher gives it a black eye,  
Science grows;—"If we must, we must,  
Sanctify now what once we cursed!  
Science, that we misused so wide,  
We now must use on our side!  
We tried to give the thing a fit,  
Failed—abused it, now we use it!  
Let us now our way amend,  
Staff of life, (bread and butter), on it depend."  
Here, however, the ground is not covered;  
Celsus Bible overthrew before science was dis-  
covered.

Oh, preacher, if of sense, use your senser !  
Voltaire lived before Evolution, Darwin or  
Spencer.  
Science much of the false slays,  
But reason kills idolatries.  
The backs of Pan and Appollo are moss,  
And Christ is "stiff as hell" upon his cross;  
Christ is dead again upon his cross.  
Before Cosmic riddle, cell or protoplasm,  
Were sifted from usurper fanasm,  
Reason demolished fallacy theistic,  
And made the preachers at the belly sick.  
To you it may be news,  
Reason pulpits angered before great Reviews.  
Reason, not science convicts !  
Superstition, fetish, crucifix.  
Before man owns a mind,  
Is taught the rot—lie Divine,  
Genuflection, cowardice and prayer  
Is born of compound ignorance and fear,  
These things, of nescience born,  
Wither before philosophic scorn.  
The archetypal ape, mammals too,  
Love and hate like me and you.  
They, of course, all draw blanks,  
Ignorant of all prayer and thanks;  
Superstition and its bony hand,  
No longer has its grip on our land;  
Revelation, the light of mind, will muddy,  
To reverse, go to your study ! study !  
To believe so easy and so blind,  
Man, think ! think ! you have a mind.  
Christianity is sure to stunt  
The mind, and make its keenness blunt.  
Idolatry puts out the lighted fire  
Of reason—that Gorgon and Chimera dire!  
Myths, lies, horrid shapes,  
Man should not see, nor even apes.  
Clouding deep the clear sure sight,  
Turning reason back in night.  
Instead of hearing science wondrous song,  
Will stick to something easy, be it wrong!  
Cruelty and ghosts, out of such throres  
Of chaos! strange that reason e'er arose !  
Born it is—All hell can't drive it back,  
Though disorder dire, and preachers at it whack!  
Nebulae never cohered; orb never grew,  
Bible good enough for me and nigger—if not  
for you.  
Amœbia protoplasmic forms, infusoria all  
Are naught to me—little head appal.  
Primeval ooze, I do not go,  
Damn Bruno and Galileo.  
Ichthyosauri, mastodon, on every fact  
Of life I turn my back.  
Live and die in blinding night,  
Curse the help that offers light.  
Damn your theory, doctrine, hypothesis or de-  
posit  
Strata—was it for it I am born, was it?  
It is so easy to sin and sing a psalm,  
Live like a hog—go to Jerusalem.  
For all your pains fie, oh, fie !  
Hell you will go when you die.

Down with your midnight oil lucubrations—  
lectures laboratory,  
I am on my way to—hell or glory  
We all learning discovery only tickles,  
To see grave fathers blinking through spectacles.  
Quixotic to me, if not to you.  
Was Darwin's foolish hunt without a clue.  
Many others of the noble race  
Bring offering—and you spit in their face.  
That you may read the secrets of the world,  
Unfeeling wretch—if a potato—cold!  
Life to him, you think, was all in vain,  
Before death touched the chemic crystals of  
his little brain,  
Then turn to old wives' tales threads of idle  
prophets,  
Or Priest or Pope, what they think of it.  
Church bells—Jesus! Madonna. Beads,  
Are all that sinful souls find needs.  
More blessings Invention conferred,  
Than ever dropped from sky or "God."  
Go on, and all such Ghosts protect;  
Martyrs still will man perfect.  
But then, to draw this thing down fine,  
Ghost lives not but in your line.  
Get an idea in your brain,  
Ghost then will curl up and die again.  
"Oh, God is good"—for  
Nothing, now is understood.  
Here I will quit forever this pest,  
Silly—Robs reason of her rest.  
In such a silly strife  
Many men have shortened life.  
On such stuff mental will not thrive,  
Though it keeps ignorance alive.  
Why dig up my intellectual mind,  
For pearls of thought to cast at such swine!  
The modern scientific school  
Anchor Faith to Molecule.  
The syllogism of much use,  
Syllogism valueless.  
Men logicians must deride,  
When that which is affirmed is denied.  
Men with thoughts to tattle,  
For the same have gone to battle.  
Truly Reason now should pause,  
Should men fall out without a Cause?  
Stop and think, stop and think?  
Stopped too long—start and think!

!

Let not science be a bug-bear;  
Science has a limit to her sphere.  
Knowledge! when we know what can be  
known,  
To theories no longer prone,  
Theory from certain data,  
Find other fact and theory scatter.  
All theories now are idle,  
Until every fact we bridle.  
Philosophy now reverse it,  
For new discoveries ever curse it.  
Philosophy should be built last,  
Instead of first as in the past.

On ignorance erect philosophic plan!  
On subsequent facts it will not pan.  
Religion too, preceded, was too previous by  
far,  
Explained!—its beauty thus did mar.  
Let now position reverse,  
Nor stick to cart before the horse.  
With our facts—experience—knowledge unified  
Religion could be built that they could not de-  
ride.  
Confucius, Moses and the sages,  
Wrote in the inspired ages.  
Wrote and guessed as best they knew,  
And wrote quite well considering too,  
That stars stood still, earth never moved,  
Dreamed such dreams, visions viewed.  
Facts their writings they misconstrued,  
Nor builded better than they knewed!  
Led into a misgiving!  
Phi: science of right living!  
Spiritualist, realist; equally absurd,  
Nomenclature, war of words, in a word.

!

The bad believe, and the good doubt,  
God condemns, the devil turns us out!  
In belief there is a grain of skepticism,  
Like doubt in every other ism.  
Poor is the rule emaciated poor,  
That lays all wrongs at sceptics door.  
In this world of sin and crime  
The believer is the mover prime,  
For educated minds are few,  
Such subterfuge will never do.  
I proclaim, I aver as plain as fact,  
That who know the Bible do not act.  
If this strange paradox is true as can be  
Look elsewhere for the remedy!  
Religion may be revelation,  
But its trial works not regeneration.  
It has had a thorough test of time,  
Still you call it all sublime!  
Good will come not by hell plan,  
But by adjusting man to man;  
By homology of the whole race,  
By putting each in his right place.  
Otherwise as now all out of gear,  
The wisest cannot help but fear.  
Catholic will out-live Protestant,  
Ignorance one, other cant.  
Religion is mortal, Christianity is a babe,  
Judaism a man—an honest Abe.  
Mohamet stiffening in its joints,  
Orient Buddah, (reasonable) a long time  
points.  
But die they will—wake up some morn,  
Another truer one is born.

!

Religion in 1873.  
You made a most damned fool of me.  
Before through to skepticism I pass,  
And there put on the ears of Ass,  
Both so far the times behind,  
Robbers of reason her aplomb mind;

That man should prate and prate and prate,  
Then speculate—ulate—ulate!  
That in this age man is prone,  
To use such stuff on his thinkaphone!  
Theology of Jew produced Cause ideal,  
Low in Conception to the real;  
As manifest to us in every way,  
More wondrous grows it every day.  
Skeptic does not degrade the True,  
But rather elevates his view,  
And cannot stand one cramped, deformed  
And mean little, full of harm,  
Like the Man-like Jew Jeho,  
But accepts the higher glow,  
Sees God (if you will) unfold  
His designs, yet untold.  
Creation in just seven days?  
Still going on if you please!  
Building up, tearing down again,  
Finish work! then say amen!  
But still let us thank the Jew,  
For the morphological view,  
To answer this do you query?  
Bad things are often necessary.  
There is a soul of good in evil,  
"God" could not exist without the "devil."  
'Tis hard to eradicate the inbred  
And taught idea—for one instead.  
To some men when once you prove,  
They cling to it they would remove!  
Utter the highest truth, slowly we find  
New thoughts slowly destroy mankind.  
The idea vs. theology is old and stale,  
Yet with men (except a few) does the idea  
prevail.

!  
The weapon that destroys all  
Verbal—on his head doth fall;  
Boomerang used by abuser,  
Rebounds again upon the user.  
Philosophy if you would teach,  
Search the laws of things in reach.  
Drop the "noblest use of life,"  
Mind wears out in "noble" strife.  
Yearn for a niche, play for a place,  
Time erudit will wipe your whereabouts into  
space.

Thomas Paine and Voltaire  
Beat John Bunyan everywhere.  
Gravity of religious smoke  
Cannot stand a little joke.  
It ruled us for a little while,  
It ruled—we feared—but now we smile.  
Sermons, funerals, pomp bombastic,  
Tremble at Iconoclastic.  
Christ, Mr J. bv route mishap,  
Take him (Campbellite) repudiate his pap.  
Rid his skirts of such aspersions,  
And other Pauline Jewish versions;  
Religion, how very funny,  
Some take Pap (Jews) but not the Sonny,  
Some take both (Presbyterian)—some thou-  
sands (Romans)—some None.  
Is inventory—since world begun.

England without representation, because  
Bradlaugh  
Will not take "God oath" law:  
But Voltaire or Mr. Paine,  
Would simply wink and take the same.  
Take it to evade that quarter,  
Science needs a liar (with wink) not a  
martyr.  
Eccentricity is ignorance—quacks,  
It goes not hand in glove with facts.  
Eccentric is he who knows a thing or two,  
That's false—and thinks that that will do.  
Men will differ and despise,  
Until their minds they equalize.  
Genius is excess of range,  
And critics thinks him "very strange."  
Let man go *ultima thule*—full length,  
Opposition it is that gives us strength.  
Let wakeful observation  
Review belief of every nation.  
Let proud philosophy, with god-like view,  
Observe the Universe for me and you.  
Let mankind themselves despise,  
And see second-hand through their eyes.  
Let us peep at all these peepers,  
In all times our keepers.  
Italic, Ionic, Hellenic, Scottish school,  
Hutchison, Spin-za, Campanella,  
Spencer, Mill, Baily, Ptolemy,  
Appollonius, Euclid, Aristotle, Zeno,  
Heraclitus, Democritus, Bruno, Bentham,  
Xenophan, Thal-s, Schelling, Pythagoras,  
Diogenes, Aristippus, Epicurus, Anaxagoras,  
Edwards, Krug, Fichte, Comte, Mansel,  
Bill Nye, Vedante, Kapila, Alaux, Carus,  
Descartes.  
!

Let thunderer Carlyle  
Curse Deity and likewise bale!  
Let Byron curse God in verse,  
Let Tyndall sadness God curse.  
Let Great Reviews still maintain,  
That simply cursing does n't explain.  
Let jesters g'imate "in my eye,"  
Let Col. Bobbie curse and live!  
Let him live in sin this son  
In sin, in sin, in Washington.

!  
Spencer XIV Vol.—then XV doth embark,  
Though foundation strong, ethics wide of  
mark.  
The underpinning to uphold,  
This scheme of his morals was bold.  
Bold and daring was the game,  
Though crowning it was frail and tame.  
Of survival of the fittest, much did speak,  
Doesn't care (heartless) a damn for the *destruc-*  
*tion of the weak*.  
With Spener he doesn't seek quarrels,  
Though he seems devoid of morals.  
His coming work the better will kill,  
For it to morals—is *nihil*.

By it let ambition profit,  
This is the moral of it.  
Twenty years to build it from the ground,  
Twenty pages (by reviewer) brings it tumbling down!  
As to "God" denies being Theist, Deist,  
Atheist, Polytheist, Monotheist,  
Spiritualist, Forceist, Materialist;  
All absurd—but he sees  
Aside of truth in each of these!  
This many sides in one combine,  
Hence spins Unknown out very fine.  
Claims Agnostic, now see him fall—  
There is (knows!) a power behind all!  
World moved before and after Christ and Guit-  
teau is shown  
By inspiration of its own.  
Heaven—cow and bee diet,  
Or torrid zone, some prefer will try it.

Jesus in Jerusalem,  
Before insane asylum,  
When justice was so very blind—disgrace,  
When men were killed when off their mental base.  
Slips out of this chronic fight of fist,  
By being neither Neitherist!  
Investigates how all things act,  
But as to *why*, flies the track.  
From sidereal system in three eras,  
To inward system of viscerae.

!

Jesus Christ—let us be frank,  
Compare I will to Charles, the crank;  
One in his greatest act,  
Brought from death to life one back.  
Guiteau sent one to grave and *rest*,  
Doubled for Lazarus his ills—which acted best?  
Poor Christ—poor Guiteau!  
Sorrow for both I show!  
Malefactors both—insatiate,  
Inverted thus two men's estate.  
Would we avoid such disgrace,  
Leave every thing in nature's place.  
He who courts nature wins;  
Perverts her and add sin to sins.  
Jesus Christ felt disgrace;  
A God? trespassed—sought man's place,  
Discovered, alas! too late, His terror  
Appeared too late—after Error  
Let man appear among the gods!  
Commotion strange—he faces odds.  
With, peace, with them, they'd ne'er consent,  
So oddly out of element,  
Still, quite strange—why anger why do we laugh?  
Neglect some men for a poor half.  
Jesus Christ, with mob-like odds,  
Fared ill; no sympathy for gods.  
They wrote him down a sorry cheat,  
And stopped in man the god-conceit.  
No M. D.'s sat on the brain,  
To test if it was stark insane.  
Had Jesus Christ now have come,  
Nursed would have been, in asylum.

Experts—science—on Guiteau  
Said writ, *lunatico inquirendo!*  
When the mob cries, "no good!"  
Sane commit a crime!—"his blood!"  
One can forgive an insane deed,  
But crime of Justice! Reform we need.

[Exit.]

*Enter E.*  
Woman all escape this sin;  
Philosophy is masculine.  
Unless I turn disputer,  
Write it down as neuter.  
In our day so many things are sin,  
That we must shut out Nature to let religion in.  
That Pope, so full of learning, should be so  
so very blind,  
To write for the few—and thereby miss man-  
kind.  
He wrote quite perfectly—His MSS. the sky—  
Man, write upon the ground, if you would catch  
the eye.  
Write right along—write truth, and write it  
plain,  
Then, when mortals look, they do not look in  
vain  
Be what you are, be it in the text,  
Nor hide in subtlety in mystifying context.  
Say what you are in daylight, nor hide;  
To get up steam pull the throttle wide.  
Write at your mark and strike it sure;  
That weakest sin of learning is to obscure.

!

Socrates, Apostle of Talk,  
Plato, ditto of Chinning,  
Aristotle "about did walk;"  
This trio set mankind to sinning.

!

Apotheosis of Steam—Conservation of energy,  
Correlation of forces in one synergy.  
Kinetic and potential dams dynamic.  
And now we see biology—quite physic.  
D�n all spiritual as gross demerit,  
Except the pushing modern spirit.

!

The pulpit to-day rates  
Intellectual light-weights;  
Still Beecher still extorts  
On politics and such cavorts.  
To-day great giant Henry Beecher,  
For infidelity is its teacher.

!

In morals let all be told,  
A healthy heart will not a secret hold.  
The villain knave in secret whisper low,  
A Good man will not a secret know.  
Nature one can interpret,  
B sh! that Nature is all secret.  
To her go—and appeal,  
Every secret will she reveal.  
In morals would you be wealthy?  
Simply ask "is it healthy?"

Many morals on'y blight!  
If it's healthy, it is right.  
Tho' the bigots—heresy hunters all,  
Raise a most unearthly squall.  
Long man in purgatory was confined,  
Religion, last infirmity of the mind;  
Reason is science wise mother,  
Religion is her fooli-h sister.  
Now it is not even right,  
To speak "God" to eirs polite.  
Men still will refine his conscience,  
Tho' with God they have no patience.  
Calvin had his Servetus they say,  
Seems to me it was the other way!  
Orthodox might know that something would  
come after.  
Torch and grave accompaniments—they face  
the sceptic's laughter.  
Common sense always in minority,  
Presidents elected by majority!

!

Laws are now in vogue,  
That di-arm the subject; but arm the rogue.  
Laws like Nature wrong seems, by her means,  
But let her kill and slay--she elevates the  
ends.  
And what she wastes in men the pest,  
They will not be missed, so she saves the  
best.  
To the play of man this is the prologue,  
Judge not because now it's—you-know-what on  
the frog.

!

Sh, Socrates, gifted with confab,  
"Shut your mouth," he replies; himself he  
would not stand Gab.

!

Minds are the same, we differ tho' in taste,  
Same stuff turns one skeptic, another goes to  
—Grace.

Believer damns agnostic for his views,  
Push him and he turns into your shoes.  
Try it if you will and every ism,  
At last takes refuge in agnosticism.  
"God is past finding out; oh, we simply know  
Nothing at last, is not that so?"  
Yes; says agnostic—see what is in a name!  
Whig is not a Tory tho' they talk the same;  
Call a man a Democrat that means the Elect,  
If never Elected, Agnostic—hm! sort of new—  
insect?

!

Call me a Philistine, if you will.  
The Philistine's business is King Sham to  
kill.  
Tho' to these Exquisites, it brings a painful  
sigh,  
Because we slay instead of worshiping a lie.  
Philosophy was badly split,  
From Plato to Kant on one side--from Aristot  
to Locke the opposite.

This yawning gulf, then came the plan,  
Herby Spencer made the span,  
And all at once was hailed as Sage,  
"Greatly in advance of age."  
And for it all his thought transcendent,  
Academy of France made him correspond  
ent!  
Now Spencer—though he does not cuss,  
Accounts for it as fortuitous,  
And doubtless longs for ablution,  
From this downward evolution!  
Solved the trouble through the basal in organic  
sphere,  
The principle of heredity—hardly comes in  
here.  
He reconciled transcendental and experimental  
fuss,  
Now he must be reconciled, for what France  
did for us.  
Man no longer is exempt  
From thinking: church is in contempt.  
Hail to science—sane to sanity!  
To take the place of Christianity(?)  
Exit church, ta-ta, Belief!  
Bad to worse Now for Relief.  
Virtue is monotonous, vice is a charm,  
While there is contrast have not alarm.  
Good as the best—bad as the worst—and in-  
different,  
Homo to hetero is natural, says the scient.  
All good and no climax to the story,  
Many kinds of men to make history.  
Spice of life lies in varieties,  
Great is enhanced by contrarieties.  
Honesty *per se* is nothing new,  
Probability tells us what to do.

!

Man blow your nose—bazoo—not honest horn,  
Divine when in a pinch "hooked" somebody's  
corn.  
Greely knew table manners I suppose,  
He also knows the taste of adipose  
Never mind Commandments in your measure-  
ment of men,  
Christ h mself could not he measured, by the  
Ten.  
Man still will have his moral query,  
Vice, not Virtue's hereditary.  
Man has his a ms likewise his ends,  
And the way to reach —depends.  
Health, Hope and Hash-self-abuse and wreck,  
Another puny sin is self-neglect.  
Therefore to be a perfect goose,  
N-glect not self, nor self seduce.  
Man's reason so very clear,  
Beimused in woman's atmosphere.  
Walt. Whitman lost the use of it,  
Did phyllophagus when nosing an arm pit.  
Gourmand Sand, gluttonous George,  
Enough? "Too much—give me a gorge."  
So very weak, she went it blind,  
Yet she was hailed as masculine!  
Hear her rail at mankind—the wretch,  
Weaker than the frailest of her sex.

Wisdom ever will consent,  
Fools for good Self-government.  
Fools Grand, Square, Upright and Tame,  
Genius glories in its shame.  
When we brag of our day,  
Our day is in decay.  
When we give a sure lament,  
Sure sign we are not hellward bent.  
Many things are ill adjusted much is now  
misfit,  
Things will work somewhat better when we get  
out of it!

!

The world is well supplied with clod  
Hoppers after euphemistic God.  
That Priest should worship man theology,  
And neglect thereby gynoeciatry!  
Religion (the Vulgar) what did it slay?  
Freedom, dear sir, Democracy.  
Right Divine has gone to hell,  
Jefferson, rural disciple of Voltaire, the infidel.  
Democracy the thing smart fool,  
While we have King Machine to rule!  
From none to too much liberty in one section,  
Is quickly lost in this direction.  
But society needs the following appliances,  
She must tolerate literature and sciences!  
So too Machine must reach felicity,  
Clean closets, run telegraph and have police-  
men to hit by electricity.

The last of every ilk and ism,  
Before science is station physicism.  
All our ills rise—let head be level,  
From social reactions, not from the devil.  
*Man:* God help! my ills God now knows,  
*God:* Ask politician to get off your toes.  
Ingenius indeed, dire disaster!  
We create heavens, our errors to plaster.  
*King:* I give you a blow! now I point to the  
stars,  
(I'm out of arnica) go there for repairs.  
And fools go nosing 'mong the stars,  
For redress, raise hell! if no relief—then wars.  
When fools learn that all their crosses  
Are from legislation, alas! for the Bosses.  
The thought it almost drives me mad,  
To see Virtue in distress looking to impossible  
future—here the sad!

Legislation! mans bill still lays,  
On an empty table, ignored by mean and  
ways.

Nature is no bankrupt, she is prepared to fill  
Our bellies, and have bread baskets still.  
She is willing man's will to execute,  
But barrier Legislation raises a dispute.  
Few toilers labor for the many loafing scum  
Cooks the dinner—they steal it, few get a  
crumb.

Dainty fine haired dudes and dukes Top of Pot  
Get the meat, hurl the bone at the mob of Rot.  
Still it is true—no mattar what ideals,  
Of Excellence, Water! and some must dig the  
wells.

To the few who will have truth in every way,  
These few are in agreement plain as day.

The false in education in its myriad ways,  
Breeds turbulence, errors and diversities.  
Mankind is ever ready to fall out over lies,  
And often rise from prayers to scratch out each  
other's eyes.  
To the realms of reason,  
Mad debate is out of season.  
Where they divide between west and nor'west  
of hair.  
Angry passions—loud report mouth do not enter there.  
From oaths and loud regurgitation,  
It's toned down to heated animation.  
Sing the Song of Science it only panegyrize,  
It and the dead—the living satirize.  
Vices are dropped, virtues attained by slow  
degrees,  
Start good and wind up with moral disease.  
Clothe the loafers in finest fashion,  
Producer not a thing to put on,  
To draw it true as well as fine,  
Grow the grape—drink the water—they the  
wine!

!

If I'd only reasoned the time "I believed,"  
If I'd only studied the time that I grieved,  
A happier worm were I!  
Listen! 'sh-h, nature speaks  
A thousand dialects—man but squeaks  
The best of talk to learning  
Is a very balk.  
We crawl and bab before we walk.  
The plank. Life is too short to talk.  
Life to me—yes, life to me,  
Is shorter than it use to be,  
Had I but cut out my tongue,  
My nerves would not be so unstrung.  
Would you prolong your career,  
Take mankind's nose from out your ear.  
We talk and listen for our pains;  
Chatter steals away our brains.  
Silence—and have many days,  
Let Nature get a word in edge-ways!  
Noise, hub-bub, confusion, hum-drum,  
A very loosened Asylum.  
Hope slinks off, uprises fears;  
Hell! we cannot hear our ears  
Squeak—rill within the lute—discord, charivari  
Nature's music hence is hari-kari.  
Silence is better than glory, obscurity richer  
than fame,

Vexation ever follows the making of a name.  
After all, week are words and thought,  
Depends upon what we are taught.  
New England, Yankee psilosphy,  
While Mme. Blavatski Kout Houmi teaches  
theosophy  
In India we have Col. (of which?) Olcott,  
In Summer School Mr. Alcott,  
Ingersoll giveth  
'Em hell, who know that their Redeemer  
liveth!  
A God—a Methodist is Christ, it's in my creed.  
And in mine (Unitarian) Christ is a mere half-  
breed,

Neither man—neither god—  
A sort of pious rhizopod,  
A piece of brac-a-brac, well, I should say,  
In spiritual phenomena.  
Christ! Superstition, how good it *feels* a very  
    revel!  
Out, Religion, thou retarding devil!  
Antithesis in me insatiate  
Once loved—horrors!—the Vice that now I  
    hate.  
Take it either Campbellite or Broad,  
I know of no Greater Fraud,  
Unless it be—(let's have a little persiflage),  
You and me!  
In the Mythical set-to on the throne,  
God knocked Sataneo to the regions of Brim-  
    stone.  
But Voltaire with a gray goose-quill as lance  
Knocked Beecher's Goddie Pap out of Heaven,  
    from France.  
And the true, Good—Designer and Inter-  
    preter  
Doubtless laughed at Frail Usurper's dis-  
    comfiture.  
Christianity gives us churchianity;  
It also furnishes proflanity.  
Let me speak in numbers round,  
A million oaths ascend a week from this little  
    mound.  
I am no statistician—he who calculates  
Says, the Oath is Some in these United States.  
I am not prepared to say who takes the cakery,  
But Kentucky crop is not to be sniffed at, Mr.  
    Bakery.  
This is quite a disgrace—  
Poor in language, but rich in revivals in this  
    place.  
Christianity flees the wise, grave, learned jud-  
    icious,  
To swell census, must go to heathen or super-  
    stitious.  
To dull observer he's free to proclaim;  
Tho' religions may differ, human acts are the  
    same.  
Whether under the turban or under stove-  
    pipe,  
Virtues do blossom, vices are ripe.  
Then, from a moral sense  
Turk or Perfectionist makes no difference.  
France, the U. S. are quite Iconoclast;  
In spite of Mat. Arnold, they want no Hum-  
    blings of the Past.  
Spain and Ireland still cling to night,  
And, in this day of progress are not in the  
    fight.  
Metaphysics now is frank,  
Tho' they affect propriety of speech, they surely  
    point to Blank.

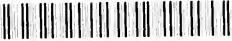
In times past they hoped—but feared a vacuum  
    'tis said,  
In nature. We fear two, belly and so head.  
    [Exit.  
[Enter E.  
All parties have this trouble—put a pin in it.  
They suffer from their own rash foo's, more  
    than their enemies agin it,  
That Infidels and Christians could turn the  
    rascals out;  
Harmony would quickly be thar, or thar about.  
The Bible and its *Bete Noir* should dwell to-  
    geither  
'Tis the cheerful Idiots who sick 'em on each  
    other.  
The Bible Alone, *per se* to me is not a pest.  
It lays on my table, never it molest,  
But from it have grown such devilish divinity,  
Between us would be hell—if in such near  
    proximity.  
The Bible: Tho' they dress in robes of white-  
    ness,  
I must confess, we bear no family likeness!  
Chila's reason is Because man's Cause;  
Push Reason Cause weak as Because, or Laws.  
Teach not the Narrow Way—Fear leads to  
    Blunder;  
Teach the B road, and Fear is lost in Wonder.  
See the pious dupe—"I know, I am redeemed."  
    —His sadness.  
He only *feels*—or lies—first, a form of 'ligious  
    madness.  
Nature, if viewed soon gets out of sight.  
If this winds us up, 'tis for the best, and right,  
And he who labors for his prize  
May get left—might get a surprise.  
Believer is safe—if there is a heaven—they  
    maintain.  
But that little "if" many hopes has slain.  
Nature will finish all her plans;  
Truth deals not in ifs and ands.

[Exit.

Here my toes cried out: "Nothing—no  
suffering of mortals is as cold as neglect.  
Fancy our suffering then! super-mortals, and  
thou turned critic! Alas!" and the toe to my  
trunk sobbed, while the deep tenderness in the  
eye of the toe to my little finger touched me,  
and I began to reinstate myself again, holding  
the poets in my trunk for the Third Passage.  
I so informed them, and, at first, they rebelled  
and upbraided me, and fell upon each other in  
their common suffering, tore their hair, and  
otherwise disported themselves like mad men.  
Then one said: "Let's take advantage of  
our confinement, and improve our lines" This  
met with general favor. So I turn to my labor  
of love.



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